

BUDDY *and* HIS CHUMS



HOWARD
R. GARIS

The
**BUDDY
SERIES**

H. H. TANDY

BUDDY SERIES

By HOWARD R. GARIS

You will more than like BUDDY with his carefree ways, his cheerful smile, his boundless enthusiasm and his overflowing youth. BUDDY is certain to linger in your memory long after you have finished these stories.

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2. BUDDY IN SCHOOL
3. BUDDY AND HIS WINTER FUN
4. BUDDY AT RAINBOW LAKE
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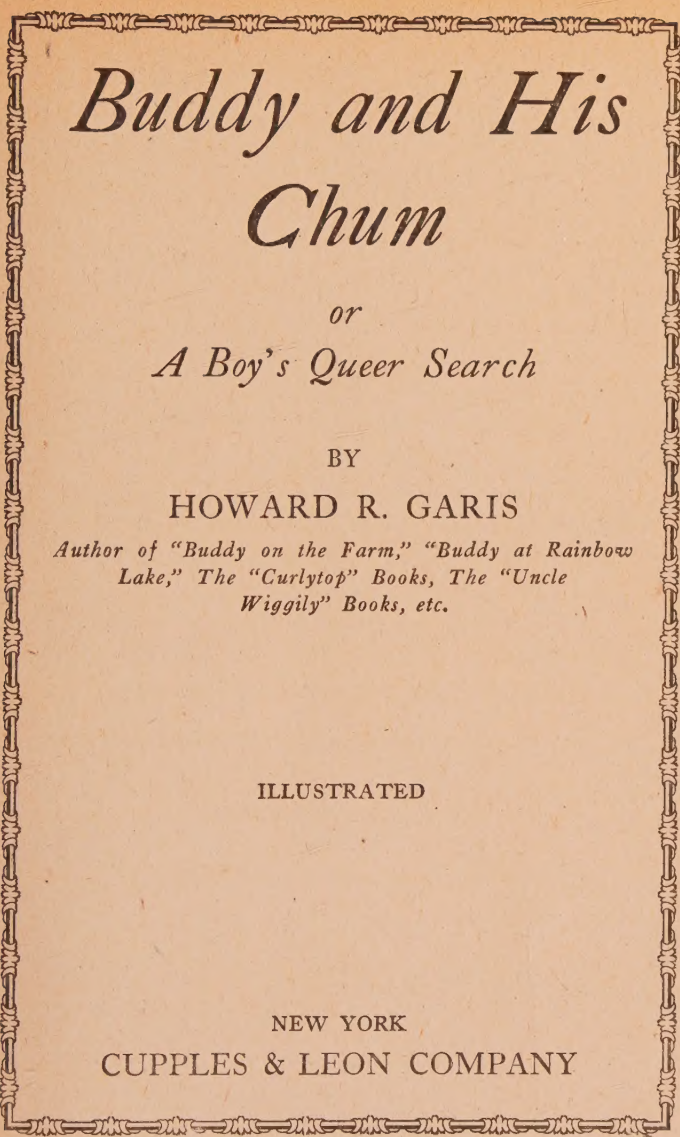
W. ROBERT WATERMAN
92 N. Broad
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.



"OH, TOM IT IS AN AEROPLANE AND IT'S FALLING DOWN
RIGHT IN THE LOTS BACK HERE! COME ON, QUICK!"

"Buddy and His Chums."

(See page 155)



Buddy and His Chum

*or
A Boy's Queer Search*

BY
HOWARD R. GARIS

*Author of "Buddy on the Farm," "Buddy at Rainbow
Lake," The "Curlytop" Books, The "Uncle
Wiggily" Books, etc.*

ILLUSTRATED

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THE BUDDY BOOKS

By HOWARD R. GARIS

12mo. Cloth. Illustrated.

BUDDY ON THE FARM

Or A Boy and His Prize Pumpkin

BUDDY IN SCHOOL

Or A Boy and His Dog

BUDDY AND HIS WINTER FUN

Or A Boy In a Snow Camp

BUDDY AT RAINBOW LAKE

Or A Boy and His Boat

BUDDY AND HIS CHUM

Or A Boy's Queer Search

(Other volumes in preparation)

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Buddy and His Chum

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BUDDY AND HIS CHUM

CHAPTER I

AUNT MARY'S LETTER

“**M**OTHER, do you know where my pencil box is?”

“Where did you leave it, Buddy?”

“Well, I haven’t seen it since I brought it home the last day of school, and then I guess I put it on the mantle. But it isn’t there now. I wonder where it is?”

Dick Martyne ran his hand along the mantle shelf and, not feeling the pencil box, stood on his tiptoes to look. But as this did not bring his blue eyes up quite high enough to see well, he shoved a chair up and stood on that.

“ ’Tisn’t here, Mother!” he called.

“Just as if we could leave your pencil box

on the mantle all summer!" said Mrs. Martyne with a laugh. "I suppose Lola put it away."

"I'll go ask her," said Buddy as he got down off the chair and called: "Lola! Lola! Did you see my pencil box? Hurry, please, and tell me! I don't want to be late the first day of school."

Lola Wagg, the maid in the Martyne house, came from the kitchen, her hands dripping from the dish water that she wiped off on her apron. She smiled at Buddy and said:

"I saw the box up in your room when I cleaned it last week after you came back from Rainbow Lake. It was on your bureau."

"Oh, sure! Now I remember!" cried Buddy. "I saw it there myself. I'll get it! Thanks!"

Up the stairs he dashed, across his room he ran and his mother and Lola heard his rummaging on his bureau. Then came a shout:

"I have it!"

Down the stairs clattered Buddy, whistling as he came, and with a hurried kiss for his

mother, a wave of his hand to Lola he was off down the walk hastening to school which was to open for the first day of the fall term.

"He's a great boy!" murmured Lola as she went back to her dishes.

"He's always on the go, at any rate," said Mrs. Martyne. "But he doesn't always take good care of his things."

"He'll learn—he's young yet," said Lola kindly.

With his box of pencils rattling in his pocket, Buddy skipped along the street that led to school. He had no books to carry, as he was going into a higher class and he would get his books after reaching school. He was wondering what new studies he would take up, and he was looking for other boys who might be going his way, when he happened to glance at a clock in a store window.

"Whew!" whistled Buddy as he saw the time. "I didn't know it was as late as that! I'll never get there in time by running! I'll

go back home and get my roller skates! I can go faster on them!"

Buddy turned and headed for home, running fast now, and with the pencils in his box rattling more loudly than before. Somewhat out of breath, he dashed into the hall, as his mother was going up stairs.

"Buddy! Why did you come home?" she asked, in surprise.

"Mother—please—my roller skates! The ones I got with my prize pumpkin money!" panted Buddy. "Where are my roller skates?"

"You don't want your roller skates! You must hurry on to school. You'll be late, Buddy!" his mother said.

"I know it, Mother! I didn't think it was so near nine o'clock! I'll be late if I don't skate! Oh, I made a rhyme; didn't I?" chuckled the red-haired boy. "Late—skate! Ha! Ha!"

"Never mind about rhymes. Go on to school!" his mother told him.

"I will, just as soon as I can get my skates. I can go a lot faster on them than I can by running, even. Where are they, Mother?"

Mrs. Martyne knew that Buddy was a fast skater and she had often seen him go on errands for her and come back much more quickly when he went on his skates than when he walked.

"But you mustn't wear your skates in school," she warned him, as she started down the stairs again.

"Oh, no, Mother! Of course I won't! But where are they, please?"

"Let me see now," and Mrs. Martyne tried to remember where, of all Buddy's playthings, she had last seen the roller skates. Then Lola, who had looked in from the kitchen to see what all the talking was about, said to Buddy:

"Your skates are in the closet under the back stairs."

"Oh, thanks a lot!" cried the small boy as he dashed for the closet, a dark catch-all for many odds and ends. He rummaged about

in there, knocking over a broom and mop with a clatter and bang and at last drew out his skates.

"Now be careful!" his mother warned him as he put them on.

"I will!" Buddy promised and once more he started down the street with his pencil box rattling in his pocket. He was going quite fast now, really gliding along with more speed than he could have kept up if he had tried to run.

"I'm glad I got these skates!" thought Buddy, remembering how hard he had worked to raise the pumpkin on his grandfather's farm—the pumpkin which took a prize at the fair. And it was with the prize money that Buddy had bought his rubber wheel skates which rolled so easily and silently.

"They're almost as good as new!" Buddy thought as he turned around a corner and then he had to "put on brakes" as he called it, for he nearly ran into his chum, Tom Gordon.

"Look out!" cried Tom, holding to the side of the corner building. "Go easy!"

"Oh, did I hurt you?" asked Buddy as he flung his arms around his chum to keep himself from falling down.

"No," answered Tom with a laugh. "But you sure were going fast. What's your hurry, Buddy?"

"Hurry? I don't want to be late for school! I started and then I went back to get my skates. I saw, by the clock in Smull's window, that it was almost time for the last bell." And then, as Buddy noticed that Tom had been coming from school, instead of toward it when he nearly bumped into him, the red-haired boy asked:

"What are you coming this way for, Tom?"

"I'm going back home," answered the other boy, whose dark hair was in strange contrast to Buddy's red as the two stood at the street corner.

"Back *home!*" exclaimed Buddy in surprise. "You're going back *home?*" He looked at his chum as if he could not believe it.

"Sure!" went on Tom Gordon. "You might

as well go back home, too!" He began to laugh.

"What are you talking about?" Buddy asked. "Quit fooling! This is the first day of the term. I've got to go to school and so have you."

Tom shook his head, laughed again and said:

"There isn't any school!"

"Isn't any *school*," and Buddy almost shouted these words. "What's the matter, did it *burn down last night*?"

"No," chuckled Tom as though he would not much have cared if that had happened. "But the water pipes busted, or something, and they can't open school for a long time, a month, I guess. And there's a sign on the door saying that everybody is to go home and wait until they see a notice in the paper that everything is all fixed."

"No school!" murmured Buddy as if he could not believe it. "No fooling?" he asked Tom, still fearing a joke.

"No fooling! Honest!" Tom answered. "I

just saw the notice myself. Come on, take a look."

Buddy started to skate toward the school but as he found this made it a bit hard for Tom to keep up with him, Buddy took off his skates and the two chums walked on down the street. Buddy saw many other boys and girls turning back, they, also, having started for their classes, and he began to believe that Tom was right, even without having seen the notice on the door. But, wanting to make very certain of the good news, Buddy hurried on with his chum.

"There! What did I tell you?" exclaimed Tom, pointing to a typewritten paper fastened to the side door of the school—the door by which the pupils entered.

It was as the dark-haired boy had said. There was a notice, signed by Mr. Pardin, the principal, telling the boys and girls that something wrong had been found with the plumbing of the school, just when it was about to be

opened after the long vacation. It might take several weeks to fix it, the notice said.

“And we don’t have any school all that time!” cried Tom, as Buddy finished reading the paper on the school door. “Hurrray!”

“That’s right! Another vacation right after the one we had at Rainbow Lake!” Buddy exclaimed. “Oh, golly! This is great!”

“Best ever!” said Charlie Taylor.

“I didn’t believe it,” said Harry Clee. “Not when I first read it. Oh, boy! What sport!” and he skipped around the school yard joyfully.

“You don’t s’pose somebody is trying to fool us; do you?” asked Mary Thompson.

“Fool us! Who would try to fool us?” Buddy asked.

“Maybe the janitor might,” said Lucy.

“That’s Mr. Pardin’s name, I’ve seen it before,” said Harry, pointing to the signature at the bottom of the notice. “Oh, there’s no school all right—not for quite a while yet, anyhow!”

Several other pupils who had arrived by this time did not know just what to do. But some of the teachers came out and told the boys and girls that what was on the notice was true—that until the plumbing pipes could be repaired there could be no school.

“Then I’m going home and have fun!” cried Buddy.

“I’m with you!” said his chum.

The two boys hurried to Buddy’s house together, for Buddy wanted to leave his skates and then race off with Tom and do half a dozen things they had planned on, but which had to be postponed until after school. Now they could do as they pleased.

“Buddy Martyne! What are you home again for?” asked Lola as the red-haired boy dashed into her kitchen to put his skates away in the closet under the back stairs. “You’ll be awful late!”

“No I won’t, Lola!” said Buddy. “There isn’t any school.”

“No *school!*” echoed Mrs. Martyne coming

into the kitchen with a letter which the carrier had just left. "What do you mean, Buddy? And Tom, too, out of school! You boys will get bad marks!"

"No'm, Mrs. Martyne. We won't be late," said Tom with a smile. "There isn't any school, really and honest!"

"Not for a month, maybe!" spoke Buddy with a laugh.

"Busted—I mean broken pipes," added Tom, correcting himself.

Then, by turns, the two boys told about the notice and as Buddy went to Lola's pantry and began looking for cookies for himself and his chum, he happened to see the letter in his mother's hand.

"I just had a letter from your Aunt Mary," said Mrs. Martyne. "And, if it's really true, about school not going to open for another month, why, I have a great surprise for you, Buddy."

"Oh, it's true all right about the school," Tom declared.

"What's the surprise, Mother?" asked Buddy as he gave Tom a molasses cookie. "What does Aunt Mary say in her letter? Is she coming to visit us? Is that the surprise?" Buddy looked glad for Aunt Mary was very jolly and he always had fun with her.

"No, that isn't the surprise," said Mrs. Martyne with a smile. "It is better than that, I think you will say, Buddy. In her letter Aunt Mary says——"

But just then the telephone bell rang and Mrs. Martyne hurried to answer without telling Buddy what the surprise was.

"I wonder what it can be?" asked Buddy impatiently as he began eating his cookie.

"Maybe she's going to send you a present," suggested Tom, hopefully.

And then Buddy listened to his mother's voice talking over the telephone while he wondered and tried to guess what the surprise was in Aunt Mary's letter.

CHAPTER II

BRICK AND THE CAT

MRS. MARTYNE came back from the telephone. In her hands she had pencil and paper. She was writing something and saying to herself, though loudly enough for Buddy and Tom to hear:

“Let me see. I can ask Mrs. Gordon, and Mrs. Clee and Mrs. Brown. That will make four and if I can get Mrs. Johnson——”

“Is that what Aunt Mary wrote about in her letter?” asked Buddy. “I mean about all those ladies, Mother?” He was feeling disappointed.

“Oh, no,” answered Mrs. Martyne, looking up from the paper on which she was writing as she walked back from the telephone. “This is about a little entertainment we ladies of the Missionary Society are going to have. I want

to get your mother to help me, Tom, and Mrs. Johnson and others.”

“I guess my mother will be glad to help,” spoke Tom.

“But, Mother dear, what about the surprise?”

Buddy could not wait a moment longer. He did not know whether his mother was teasing him, or whether she had really forgotten what she had been going to say when Mrs. Norton called her to the telephone. And now Mrs. Martyne exclaimed:

“Oh, Buddy! I’m so sorry! I must have left Aunt Mary’s letter in by the telephone. Get it for me, please, and I’ll read that part about you.”

“About me!” cried Buddy opening wide his blue eyes. “Me, Mother?”

“Yes. She wants you—but there, my dear, get me the letter and I’ll read you all about it.” And you can be sure Buddy hurried to the telephone table in the hall, stuffing into his mouth the last of his molasses cookie while his

mother finished making a list of the ladies she hoped would help her with the entertainment.

"There, Mother!" Buddy handed her the letter. "What does Aunt Mary say about me?" He was very eager and excited.

"Perhaps I can tell you about it more quickly than if I read it," went on Mrs. Martyne. "I wasn't going to speak of it until I heard about the opening of school being put off for several weeks. As it is now you can go, Buddy."

"Go where, Mother?"

"To Aunt Mary's home in the city of Bloomberg. She wrote and said if you had not finished your summer vacation she would like to have you visit her for a few weeks. Aunt Mary didn't know, I think, that school usually opens early in September. I was just going to write and tell her that you had spent your summer vacation at Rainbow Lake, and that now you had to go back to your studies. When, all of a sudden, you and Tom tell me there is more vacation to come."

“Lots more, I hope!” chuckled Tom. “Two vacations in one summer! Hurray!”

“But am I really going to visit Aunt Mary in the city?” asked Buddy. “Is that the surprise?”

“Yes, Buddy, that’s the surprise in Aunt Mary’s letter. Isn’t it a good one?”

“Oh, it’s fine, Mother! When can I go? And how long can I stay? And can I take Brick with me and——”

Buddy’s face that had been alight with joy seemed to grow a bit sad now as he looked at his chum Tom Gordon. And Tom said:

“That’s going to be jolly—for you to have a vacation in the city!” Buddy and Tom lived in a small village and a city meant lots of different fun.

“It was good of Aunt Mary to invite me,” Buddy went on. “But it won’t be much fun just me going alone. If there was some other boy——”

“There’s going to be another boy, Buddy,” his mother said, smiling.

"There is? Who? Another boy? Aunt Mary hasn't any children!" Buddy exclaimed. He was more excited than ever, now.

"No, but what about your chum?" and Mrs. Martyne pointed to Tom.

"Oh, is *he* going?" Buddy shouted. "Tom? Oh, that's great! That's fine! That's wonderful! Whoop! Oh, Tom! Oh, boy! What fun we'll have!"

Buddy clasped his chum around the shoulders and began to whirl him about the kitchen, while Tom, looking puzzled, said:

"This is the first I've heard about it. I don't know your Aunt Mary, I guess there's some mistake."

"No mistake at all," said Mrs. Martyne, still smiling and holding out the letter Buddy had brought from the telephone table. "Aunt Mary Lawson suggests that Buddy bring another boy with him to spend some weeks at her city home. And I'm sure Buddy would rather have you, Tom, than any other boy."

"Of course I would!" cried Buddy. "Tom's

my chum! Didn't he have me at his camp on Rainbow Lake? And now I can take him with me to Aunt Mary's! Oh, boy, what fun!"

Now Tom joined in the dance for he felt that he was to be included in the little party. How jolly it would be!

"Aunt Mary wants you to come as soon as you can, Buddy," said Mrs. Martyne. "And, now that there will be no school for some weeks, you may as well get ready to start tomorrow or next day. I suppose your mother will let you go with Buddy; won't she, Tom?"

"Oh, sure!" said the dark-haired boy. "I'll go ask her right away."

"I'll come with you," offered Buddy. "Oh, this is great! You'll like my Aunt Mary!"

"Sure!" said Tom.

"And we'll have packs of fun in the city," went on the blue-eyed lad. "We can go——"

There came a sudden interruption of loud barkings from the back yard and Buddy, looking from a window, cried:

"It's Brick! He's after a cat!"

“Golly!” cried Tom. “There’s a little girl, too!”

“Don’t let your dog bite that child!” exclaimed Mrs. Martyne, as the two boys rushed for the back yard. “Stop him!”

“Brick wouldn’t bite anybody,” Buddy shouted over his shoulder. “It’s just the strange cat he’s after! Come on, Tom! We’ll stop him!”

And while the two boys are running to call Brick away from trying to catch the cat it will be a good chance to let my new readers learn something about the boy who is to be the hero of this story.

As told in the first book of this series, “Buddy on the Farm; or a Boy and His Prize Pumpkin,” Dick Martyne lived with his father and mother in the small town, or village, of Mountchester. Dick was his name but everyone called him “Buddy.” He was a lively, laughing little fellow, with blue eyes and hair that could be given only one name, and that was “red.” In the first book I told

you how Buddy went to his grandfather's farm and, by growing a big pumpkin, won prize money with which he bought some wonderful roller skates, having rubber covered wheels.

Buddy had some jolly adventures on his grandfather's farm, and when he came home in the fall, ready to go to school, there were more adventures. For Buddy saw a Gypsy lad tying a tin can on a dog's tail and made him stop. Then Buddy claimed this dog for his own, naming him Brick, and during his days at school, as told in the second book, Buddy and Brick had many good times.

There was more fun when Buddy found winter coming and when he was taken to the snow camp, where lumber was being cut, he had a most wonderful adventure with a bear. You may read about that in the third book.

The summer after his winter fun, Buddy went camping with Tom Gordon. What happened is told of in the book just before this one, and it is named: "Buddy at Rainbow

Lake; or a Boy and His Boat." How Buddy met an Indian, how he found a drifting boat and what happened to him and Tom on an island is all in that book.

Now Buddy had come back to Mountchester and he was ready to start the new term with his chum, when, as you have learned, the school had to close, which was a jolly surprise for all the pupils, you may be sure. Then there was also the surprise in Aunt Mary's letter.

But in the midst of talking about the jolly times to come, Brick had started loudly barking in the back yard and Buddy, with his chum, must hasten out to see what it was.

"Here, Brick!" cried the red-haired boy.
"Let that cat alone!"

For Brick was barking and trying to jump up at a pussy on the fence between Buddy's house and the one in the rear where a new family had just moved in.

At the sound of his master's voice Brick whined, ran toward Tom and Buddy and then leaped back toward the fence as if asking the

boys to help him up to the top where he could get at the cat. For the fence was a high one.

Looking over the fence was a strange little girl, her hands stretched out as if to pull her pussy away from what she thought was terrible danger from the dog. Seeing the boys, the little girl said:

“Make your dog let my cat alone!”

“Brick won’t hurt your cat,” spoke Buddy kindly. “He just wants to get acquainted with her, that’s all.”

“I think he wants to bite her,” went on the little girl. “And if he does I’ll have your dog arrested. I saw a policeman out in front of my house and I’ll ask him to arrest your dog if he bites my cat!”

Buddy and Tom laughed at this, and while Buddy was trying to make Brick stop barking Tom looked over the fence to find out how he could so plainly see the head of such a little girl reaching above the tall boards. It was easily explained. She was standing on a pile of boxes in her yard, close to the fence.

“Bow-wow! Wuff!” barked Brick.

“Siss-iss!” went the cat. Her back was arched and her tail very big.

“Go on away, bad dog!” cried the little girl. She jumped up and made a grab for her pussy but reached too far and, a moment later, had toppled off the high pile of boxes over the fence and into Buddy’s yard, carrying the cat with her.

And then, with loud and excited barks, Brick made a dash for the girl and cat, while Buddy and Tom shouted and Mrs. Martyne came running down the back steps exclaiming:

“Brick! Brick! Don’t you dare bite that child!”

There was quite an exciting time, let me tell you.

CHAPTER III

THE HAND ORGAN MAN

BUDDY jumped toward Brick, got hold of his dog's collar and began pulling him back. All the while Brick barked loudly.

Tom Gordon picked up the little girl who had fallen over the fence. She was younger than Tom's sister Lucy, but she was a brave little child, for she never once cried after her fall.

"Is she hurt?" asked Mrs. Martyne as Buddy finally managed to pull Brick off to one side.

"No'm," Tom answered. "She fell in a bunch of weeds."

"I want my pussy! Did the dog eat my pussy?" asked the little girl, trying to wiggle out of Tom's arms to look.

"No," Buddy answered. "Your little cat is

all right. My dog wouldn't really bite her. He just wanted to see if he knew her."

"Well, he doesn't know my pussy 'cause we just moved here," said the strange child as Tom set her down. "And my pussy doesn't like dogs, anyhow!"

"It's easy to see that!" chuckled Tom, for the cat, having jumped away as the little girl fell over the fence, was now up on a branch of the apple tree in Buddy's yard, and still her back was arched and still her tail looked like a bologna sausage.

"Brick, I'm ashamed of you!" said Mrs. Martyne, shaking her finger at Buddy's dog. "Why did you treat a new neighbor so? You ought to be kind to new little girls and pussies."

"Brick wouldn't bite anybody," declared Buddy. "He was just excited at the strange cat on the fence. He never chases Mrs. Brown's cat or yours; does he, Tom?" Buddy appealed to his chum.

"No, I never saw Brick chase cats," Tom answered.

"Well, he barked at mine," said the little girl. "And if he had bit her I'd have your dog arrested, so there! And now I want to go back over the fence and I want my pussy!"

"All right," Tom agreed. "I'll put you over the fence."

"And I'll get your pussy," offered Mrs. Martyne. "Buddy, you take Brick in the house. That cat will never come down out of the tree as long as your dog is here."

"I guess she's strange with dogs," Buddy said, "Come on, Brick!"

Brick was ready enough to go with his master and when the cat no longer saw the dog she took the hump out of her back, her tail grew small and she let Mrs. Martyne reach up and take her out of the tree. Then Tom put the little girl back over on the pile of boxes, in her own yard and the pussy was placed in her arms.

"Your cat and Buddy's dog will soon be

friends," said Mrs. Martyne with a friendly smile as the little girl hurried into the house. And then the two boys took Brick for a walk with them to quiet him.

"Who's the little girl?" Tom asked his chum.

"I don't know," Buddy replied. "They just moved in. Brick is always that way with new cats. You can't blame him."

"Sure not!" assented Tom. "It takes a little while to get to know a new cat. But Brick is a good dog."

"I'm going to take him to my Aunt Mary's," decided Buddy. "And I say, Tom, I hope your mother will let you come with me," he added as the two hurried toward Tom's home.

"Oh, I'm sure she will," said the dark-haired lad. "Why not?"

At first Mrs. Gordon was not quite certain whether or not Buddy's Aunt Mary had really invited any other boy than her own nephew, Buddy, to her home in the city of Bloomberg.

But a short talk over the telephone with Mrs. Martyne made Tom's mother feel that everything was all right so she said:

"Yes, Tom, you may go visiting with Buddy as long as you can't go back to school for several weeks yet."

"There! What'd I tell you?" Tom said to his friend as he came out with the good news. "It's all right! Hurray!"

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Buddy! "Now we'll pack our things and tomorrow we'll be at Aunt Mary's!"

However matters could not be arranged quite so quickly as that. Aunt Mary had written that she wanted Buddy and his chum to reach her house at the end of the week, and it was now only Monday.

"Besides," said Mrs. Martyne, "I must pack your clothes, Buddy, and Tom's mother must pack his things."

"I suppose so," agreed the blue-eyed boy. "But I wish Friday would hurry up and come. And say, Mother, what about Brick?"

"Do you mean about him trying to get that strange cat on the fence? That was too bad. I hope our new neighbors won't think Brick is a cross dog. For he isn't."

"Of course he isn't!" exclaimed Buddy. "Though that wasn't what I meant, Mother. I meant what about me taking Brick to Aunt Mary's with Tom?"

"Oh, Buddy, I hardly think you could do that! Take Brick? Oh, no, Buddy!"

"Why not, Mother?"

"Well, your aunt may have no place for a dog. She lives in a house by herself, I know, but a dog——"

"Oh, she loves dogs!" cried Buddy. "She told me so the last time she was here but I didn't have Brick then. Please write and ask her if I can't bring Brick! I don't want to leave him home here. He'll be so lonesome without me. And it won't be any fun for me and Tom if we can't have Brick. Please, Mother!"

Buddy was so much in earnest about it that

his mother agreed to write that night and ask Aunt Mary if she objected to dogs. And then while Buddy began to look over his things to see what he wanted to take away with him, and while Tom did the same, the two boys anxiously waited an answer from Aunt Mary about Brick.

To their delight, a few days later came a reply saying:

"Let Buddy and his chum bring their dog. I love animals!"

"Hurrray!" shouted Buddy.

"What fun!" echoed Tom. The two boys danced about, clapped each other on the back and laughed with joy.

Friday came at last and Mr. Martyne took Buddy and his chum to the railroad station, with Brick, to put them on the train. The two boys were to make the journey to Bloomberg by themselves, the conductor having promised to see that they got off at the proper station.

"Aunt Mary will meet you in Bloomberg," Mrs. Martyne told Buddy.

"We wouldn't be afraid if she didn't; would we, Tom?" asked the red-haired lad. "We could find her house all right."

"Sure!" chuckled Tom.

"But you will have your valises to carry and your dog to look after," said Mrs. Martyne. "So it will be best if Aunt Mary meets you with her auto as she has promised."

"That'll be all right," remarked Buddy. "We'll look for her."

"I hope Brick doesn't see any strange cats on the train," spoke Tom when they were waiting at the station with the parents of the two boys. "He might jump out of the window, Buddy, and you and I couldn't hold him. Not that he would want to bite cats," Tom went on. "He just wants to see if he knows them or if they're strangers with him."

"Sure," agreed Buddy, pulling his dog's ears gently at which caress Brick wagged his tail joyfully, for he liked nothing better than to go with the two boys. They had such jolly adventures together.

"You won't have Brick in the seat with you," Mr. Martyne said, as he came from the office, having gone in to see about tickets.

"We won't!" exclaimed Buddy. "Where will we keep my dog?"

"He will have to ride in the baggage car," said Buddy's father. "I just arranged it with the ticket agent and the baggage man. Your dog will be all right there."

"Sure he will," said the baggage man. "I'll look after him. Hello, old chap!" and he petted Brick who made friends at once. "You boys can come back to my baggage car and see him when we made the stop in Freeport," went on the man. "We lay over there ten minutes for another train, and if your dog is thirsty you can give him a drink."

"That'll be good," said Buddy. "All right, Brick. Now behave yourself," he went on as he and Tom led the dog to the baggage car. The train which the boys were to take to Aunt Mary's in Bloomberg started from Mountchester, at the end of the railroad line, so there

was no rush to get aboard. Brick was chained in the car among the trunks and valises, and though he seemed a little downcast when Buddy and Tom left him alone, the boys knew it was not for many hours.

“We’ll come back and see you when we get to Freeport,” promised Buddy to his pet.

Brick wagged his tail, but not very joyfully, and his eyes followed Buddy and Tom as long as he could see them when they went back to take their seats in the day coach.

The engine whistled, late passengers got on board, the fathers of the two little travelers called good-bye, the mothers kissed Buddy and his chum and finally the boys were off to the city. Buddy leaned his head out of the open window and looked toward the front of the train as it pulled from the station.

“What you trying to see?” asked Tom.

“I wanted to make sure Brick didn’t jump out of that baggage car and run home,” Buddy answered. “He’s sort of scared, I guess.”

“I guess so, too,” agreed Tom. “But that

man likes dogs, so Brick will be all right. And we can go see him when we get to Freeport."

"Sure," said Buddy. "It won't be long. Golly! We'll have fun when we get to Bloomberg; won't we!"

"Best fun ever!" was Tom's answer. "I'm glad those school pipes busted."

"So'm I!"

However, some time before the train got to Freeport the baggage man came into the car where Buddy and Tom were riding. There was a queer look on the man's face and on reaching the boys he said:

"Oh, about that dog of yours!"

"What's the matter?" asked Buddy with a sinking feeling at his heart. "Did anything happen? Did he jump off?"

"Oh, no, he didn't do that," said the baggage man with a smile. "But at the last station an organ grinder man got on board and your dog is barking and growling at him and the poor Italian is scared out of his wits. You better come with me and see if you can quiet

your dog. I don't want anything to happen that organ grinder man."

Wondering what could have so aroused Brick, Buddy and his chum followed the man to the baggage coach.

"What you s'pose could 'a' happened?" asked Tom of Buddy as the two boys made their way from one car to another along the swaying train. They clung to the platform railings so they wouldn't fall off.

"I don't know," Buddy replied. "Only maybe Brick is cutting up as he did when he saw that little girl's cat."

"But the baggage man didn't say anything about a cat."

"I know he didn't."

"He said a hand organ man."

"That's what he did," admitted Buddy.

"Say," whispered Tom in Buddy's ear as they were about to enter the baggage car behind the man who had come to get them. "Maybe he's playing a trick on us!"

Buddy looked at his chum and hesitated.

The two boys stood there on the platform of the baggage car, wondering what it was all about.

CHAPTER IV

A MISSING MONKEY

“**W**HAT’S the matter, boys?” asked the baggage man, turning as he opened the door of his car, and finding that the boys had halted and not followed him in. “You aren’t afraid, are you? Keep hold of the rails.”

“No, sir, we aren’t afraid,” Tom answered.

“But is it true about my dog barking at an organ grinder?” asked Buddy.

“Oh, I see!” and the man laughed. “You imagined I was playing a joke on you. Well, I’m not. Your dog made a fuss about this old Italian, and I thought it would be better for you to come back and quiet your pet than if I tried.”

“I never knew Brick to bark at even an Italian organ grinder before,” went on Buddy.

“Brick is friends with everybody except Gypsies.”

“Why doesn’t he like them?” asked the baggage man as he held the door of his car open for the boys to come in.

They did not hang back any longer, for they felt sure there was no joke or trick on the part of the baggage man. Besides, Buddy could now hear Brick barking, even above the noise of the train, and the red-haired boy knew something must be wrong.

“My dog doesn’t like Gypsies,” Buddy explained, “because once a fellow like that tied a can on Brick’s tail.”

“No wonder he doesn’t like ’em, then,” the baggage man said. “But he sure has taken a dislike to this organ grinder.”

“What’s the organ grinder doing in your car?” asked Tom. “Has he a dog?”

“No, but his organ is so big the conductor wouldn’t let him take it in the seat of a passenger coach, so the old chap had to ride with me. He’s got another box with him, too. It

all ought to go as baggage. But he wouldn't let his organ or his box out of his hands so I took him in my car. But he'd no sooner got in than your dog sniffed first at the organ and then at the box and then he began barking. And the organ grinder was so scared I thought I'd better come and tell you."

"I'll make Brick behave," Buddy said. Though when he and Tom got fully within the baggage car and saw how excited Brick was, and how the old Italian shrunk into a corner to get as far as possible away from the dog, Buddy knew there must be a reason for his pet's strange actions.

"Brick! Be quiet!" he ordered. "Lie down! Stop barking!"

For a moment Brick obeyed, walking alongside a trunk to which he was tied by a leash and lying down. But though he was very glad to see Buddy and Tom again, in a few seconds Brick once more jumped up and barked loudly.

Then Buddy made a strange discovery!

“My dog isn’t barking at him!” and Buddy pointed to the old Italian organ grinder.

“Who is he barking at then?” the baggage-man wanted to know. “Your dog began to make a fuss as soon as he came in the car.”

“I know,” Buddy admitted, “but Brick isn’t barking at *him*. Brick is barking at *that!*”

Buddy pointed to a black box on the floor of the car next to where the organ rested. The stick by which the Italian held up his musical instrument as he went about the streets grinding the crank had been taken off and the organ was set on the floor.

“What makes you think your dog is barking at that box?” Tom inquired of his chum.

“Look how his nose is pointed,” Buddy answered. Surely enough the dog seemed to give more attention to the black box than to either the Italian or his organ. But the old man thought the dog was barking at him.

“We’ll see,” said the baggage tender.

"Come on over here, Garribaldi," he called to the Italian, smiling.

"Not Garribaldi—me Tony Salvatore," was the reply.

"All right, Tony, come away from your box," went on the trainman. "Then if Brick keeps on barking we'll know what Buddy said was right."

The Italian seemed to want to stay close to his box and organ, but the baggage man said:

"Nobody will hurt them. We just want to try something."

And, just as Buddy had guessed, it was the black box at which Brick was barking, and not at the organ grinder. Which, when the baggage man saw, caused him to ask:

"What you got in that black box, Tony?"

"Maybe it's a cat," suggested Tom. "Brick barks at strange cats."

"Me no gotta da cat!" exclaimed Mr. Salvatore.

"There's some kind of an animal in there," Buddy said. "I can hear it moving," and he

leaned over with his ear close to the black box. It was about two feet square and was covered with a piece of black oilcloth strapped loosely around it.

“What’s in the box, Tony?” asked the baggage man.

“Tolla!” exclaimed the Italian. “I show you Tolla!”

His brown hands began fumbling with the strap around the oilcloth and in a moment it was raised.

“Golly! It’s a monkey!” cried Buddy in surprise.

“So it is!” echoed Tom. “A monkey!”

“Sure enough!” chuckled the baggage man. “I might have guessed that, having a hand organ, Tony would also have a monkey. Buddy, your dog smelled him all right!”

“Sure,” said Buddy, leaning against a trunk and laughing as the train rushed on, carrying him and his chum to Aunt Mary’s. “I knew it was the box Brick was barking at, not him,” and he nodded toward the Italian.

"No letta your dog eata Tolla!" cried Tony Salvatore as Brick, now more excited than ever, having a sight of the monkey which, before, he had only smelled, began barking loudly and straining at his leash.

"Down, Brick! Be quiet!" ordered Buddy so sharply that the dog obeyed. Then the blue-eyed boy said: "My dog won't hurt Tolla. He just wants to make friends with him. Brick knows a lot about monkeys. He had one up a tree once."

"What do you mean?" asked the baggage man. "Was your dog ever in the jungle chasing monkeys?"

"Not exactly in the jungle," said Buddy with a smile. "But he once got a monkey up a tree in our back yard at home."

"How was that?" asked the train conductor who had just come in to sit on a trunk and count the tickets he had collected.

"It was a tame monkey named Bomba that got away from Mr. Hack, who keeps an animal pet shop in Mountchester," Buddy ex-

plained, telling about something related in the book "Buddy and His Winter Fun."

"Brick saw Bomba and tried to get up in a tree and play with him. Only monkeys are better at climbing trees than dogs are," added the blue-eyed boy.

"I'll say they are!" chuckled a brakeman.

"So that's how it is Brick knows a monkey when he smells 'em even if they're covered up," went on Buddy. "He wants to make friends. Will your monkey bite?" he asked the organ grinder.

"No, nevaire!" cried the Italian, waving his hands. "Tolla fine monk! Do lotsa da tricks! Taka da pennies from da childrens. I never had so good monk as Tolla. No letta da dog bite!" and he seemed anxious lest something happen, now that he had taken the oilcloth cover off the wire cage in which he carried his pet.

"I'll not let Brick hurt Tolla!" declared Buddy. "I'll make them be friends. Here, Mr. Salvatore, open your monkey's cage and

I'll have my dog shake paws with him. Go on, I'll make Brick be good!" he said earnestly as the Italian hesitated.

"Sure, go on!" urged the baggage man. "I'll grab the dog if he starts a fight."

"Oh, Brick won't fight," spoke Buddy. And when the timid little monkey, after an order from the Italian, thrust a hairy paw out of the open door of his cage, Brick smelled and sniffed for a moment and when Buddy told him to, the dog stuck out a friendly paw and the monkey took hold of it.

"That's getting acquainted!" cried the baggage man. Some of the other train crew, as well as the conductor who had gathered around on hearing the news, laughed to see the two animals thus make friends.

The monkey soon got over his fright, Brick no longer barked and, after a few more sniffs at each other, the dog wagged his tail to show that everything was all right and Tolla no longer cowered in the farthest corner of his cage.

"You say your monkey can do tricks?" asked Tom. "So can Buddy's dog."

"Sure, Tolla do tricks!" answered Tony Salvatore, now smiling for he was over his worry. "I show you alla da tricks my monk do!"

Thereupon he began turning the crank on his organ while from a box on top he took a little mirror which Tolla, now out of his cage, peered into and then pretended to try to catch the monkey behind it, whose reflection he saw. This made everyone, including Buddy and his chum, laugh heartily. Next Tolla pretended to smoke a pipe, he turned somersaults on the pile of trunks, and caught and threw a rubber ball.

"Now show 'em what Brick can do," said Tom to Buddy.

So Brick was made to do his tricks, some of which were jumping through a hoop of Buddy's hands and arms, playing "dead," walking on his front and hind legs and "say-

ing his prayers." Buddy had taught him these.

"Well they'd make a good team," said the conductor as he left the baggage car to go collect more tickets. Buddy and Tom stayed a while longer and heard the Italian, in his queer talk, tell how he had been, all summer, tramping through country towns with his organ and monkey, collecting pennies.

"Colda wedder he come now—soon be winter," explained Tony, waving his hands, without which he could not seem to talk. "So Tolla and me—we coma back to live in da city. Nex summer we go some more to nice da country."

"What city do you live in?" asked Buddy.

"Bloomberg," was the unexpected answer.

"Why!" exclaimed Tom. "He and his monkey live in the same place your aunt does, Buddy."

"Yes, but I guess they don't live near each other," Buddy said.

"Anyhow, maybe we'll see him and his

monkey when we get to Bloomberg," suggested Tom, never dreaming in what a strange adventure he and his chum, and the Italian and Tolla were to be mixed.

The covering was put back on the wire box in which the monkey traveled with his master, Brick went to a corner to lie down and sleep, now that he had solved the mystery of the strange animal he could not before get a view of, and Buddy and Tom returned to their seats in the passenger coach. The Italian remained in the baggage car with his organ and monkey.

At Freeport, where a stop of about ten minutes was made, Buddy and Tom went back to see Brick and give him a drink of water, for which the dog was very eager. Tony Salvatore was asleep between the monkey cage and his organ.

At last the train reached Bloomberg late in the afternoon and Buddy and his chum, eager to get their dog and see the sights of the city, hurried to the baggage car and claimed Brick. The Italian with his organ slung on his back,

and carrying the covered cage of his monkey in his hand, was already out of the car.

"Gooda-bye, boys," he called to them.

"Good-bye!" echoed Buddy and Tom.

A few minutes later, Buddy having picked his aunt out of a crowd of persons who had come to the station to welcome the arrivals, as Mrs. Lawson had done, was introducing Tom.

"So this is your chum; is it?" asked Aunt Mary, putting her hand on Tom's dark head.

"Yes'm," Buddy replied. "And this is my dog?"

"Oh, I'd know that without being told," she said with a jolly laugh. For Brick, rather afraid of all the strange sights and sounds of the railroad station, was cowering close to Buddy.

"It's good of you to let me bring him," went on Buddy.

"Oh, I like boys and dogs!" said Aunt Mary. "Now come along. My car is right over here," and she led the way. "Have you all your baggage?" she asked.

"Yes'm," said Tom. He was almost as fond of Aunt Mary already as was his chum Buddy.

"Will there be room for Brick in your auto?" Buddy asked.

"Of course! If there isn't I guess you'd hold him on your lap; wouldn't you?" she inquired with a laugh.

"Oh, sure!" Buddy said.

"You ought to see him make friends with the monkey," said Tom.

"Monkey! What monkey?" asked Aunt Mary quickly. "Have you—I don't mind a dog, Buddy—but have you a—a *monkey*?" and she looked closely at each boy in turn.

"Oh, no!" chuckled Buddy. "We haven't a monkey. There was one in the baggage car—Tolla. He belonged to Tony Salvatore," and the boys told the story of their trip.

"That's all right," said Mrs. Lawson. "Of course I might get used to a monkey in time," she went on as she led the boys and Brick to her big auto parked outside the station. "But I'd rather have your dog, Buddy."

"Oh, there won't be any monkey," Buddy promised.

But if he had known what was going to happen he wouldn't have said that.

It was not a long ride to Aunt Mary's house and the boys were soon made to feel at home as they were taken by the maid, Sallie, up to a double room they were to share during their visit. Brick was led to the kitchen for something to eat and he soon made friends not only with Aunt Mary and Sallie, but with a big, maltese cat, old and fat, that slept on a rug near the mantle in the living room.

"May we go out now and see the city, Aunt Mary?" asked Buddy as he and Tom came down stairs, having washed in the bath room. They had not opened their valises.

"I think you had better wait until morning to start your adventures, boys," Mrs. Lawson said with a smile. "It is late now and will soon be dusk, and you might get lost."

"We've been lost in the woods," Buddy said. "We aren't afraid."

“Oh, I know there is really nothing of which to be afraid,” said Mrs. Lawson, “for if you remember my address a policeman would put you in the way of getting back here. But it will soon be time to eat and——”

“I guess we’d better stay,” said Buddy, quickly.

“Sure!” agreed Tom, with a laugh.

Aunt Mary smiled again. She knew boys; didn’t she?

So Tom and Buddy went back up to their room to unpack, and put their spare things away in the bureaus. There were twin beds in their room, and two bureaus, and the room was near a bath, so Buddy and his chum felt quite like grown up guests.

From somewhere in the house a bell rang and Buddy, who had been at his aunt’s before, knowing what it was, said:

“That means supper, Tom!”

“Can’t come any too soon for me!” was the answer. “Boy, I’m hungry; aren’t you?”

“Sure!” said Buddy.

As they were going down the front stairs the doorbell rang and Sallie, hastening from the kitchen to answer, opened the portal. To the surprise of Buddy and Tom they saw, standing on the steps, the same Italian they had met in the train—Tony Salvatore.

But Tony did not now have with him his hand organ, nor did he carry the black box. As the door opened he made a little jerky bow, seemed surprised as he caught sight of the boys and, stepping into the hall, exclaimed:

“Excusa me, please. I come for my monk—for Tolla!”

“Your monkey!” cried Mrs. Lawson, hurrying in from the living room. “We haven’t any monkey here! You must be mistaken!”

“No mistake—please!” said Tony, politely with a smile that showed his white teeth. “Da monk—he coma in your house. I see him coma. He get outa da cage an’ run in here. I getta him out! Excuse, please. My monk—he here!”

“Nonsense!” laughed Aunt Mary. “You’re

in the wrong house. Unless," and she looked sharply at Buddy and Tom, "unless these boys brought that monkey in without telling me!"

"Oh, no, Aunt Mary!" exclaimed Buddy.

"We haven't seen the monkey since you took him out of the baggage car!" added Tom.

"I didn't think Buddy would play a trick like that," said his aunt. "My good man, you're in the wrong house!"

"Excusa please—I see Tolla come in—by da back door," went on Tony. "He get outa da cage—I forget to lock heem. My monkey in here," and he started toward the kitchen.

Mrs. Lawson did not seem to know what to do, and Buddy and Tom thought the Italian was trying some trick and that perhaps they had better call the police when, suddenly from the kitchen, the maid Sallie began to scream, and she shouted:

"Oh, here he is! The monkey! Come quick!"

CHAPTER V

A QUEER SEARCH

BUDDY and his chum ran out to the kitchen, followed, more slowly, by Aunt Mary and Tony Salvatore. The Italian was smiling now, but before, he had looked worried and sad. And as he shuffled through the hall, back of Mrs. Lawson, he murmured:

“Sure Tolla ina here! I know!”

“If your monkey is here,” said Buddy’s aunt, “I must beg your pardon for saying he wasn’t. But I had no idea such a thing could happen. How did he get in?”

“By da window, mebbly!” chuckled Tony, happy now that he thought he was soon going to get back his trick monkey.

As Buddy, Tom and the others hurried toward the kitchen, the maid Sallie kept on shouting:

“Here he is! Quick! Catch the monkey!”

“We’ll get him!” yelled Buddy. “Come on, Tom!”

“Maybe we better let Brick up out of the cellar,” suggested Tom, for as the boys neared the kitchen they could hear the dog whining, barking softly and scratching at the door. Sallie had put him down cellar after his supper to keep him quiet while Buddy and Tom ate with Mrs. Lawson.

“I guess maybe we’d better try to catch Tolla ourselves, first, before we give Brick a chance,” Buddy said. “He might get too excited.”

“That’s so,” Tom agreed. “But we got to do something quick! Listen to her yell!”

Buddy ran into the room, closely followed by Tom, and the boys saw Sallie in the farthest corner, with her apron pulled up over her head, where she held it firmly with her hands and she was calling:

“Here he is! Take him away! Oh, the terrible monkey!”

Buddy and Tom saw Tolla almost at once. The monkey was perched on top of the sash of an open window, which was down from the top to let out the heat and smells of cooking. There was no screen in the window and Tolla could easily get in and out.

Clinging to the window sash, his tail curled around an awning iron just outside, Tolla was holding fast and looking into the kitchen with his bright eyes, his face almost like that of a little, dried-up, old man. The monkey was doing nothing and had not tried to bite or scratch Sallie. Yet she seemed much afraid.

"I'll get him!" cried Buddy, making a jump toward the window with his hands held out to grab Tolla.

"Better get up on a chair," advised Tom. "He's too high for you to reach, Buddy."

Buddy had just found this out and he turned to pull up a chair when, all of a sudden, Brick, who had been whining, barking and scratching in his eagerness to join what he thought must be a lot of fun—Brick managed to push open

the cellar door and into the kitchen he bounded, sliding over the linoleum like a skater on the ice.

Then, with a chattering yell and a scream of fright, Tolla jumped down off the window sash and leaped out into the dark yard, for it was now night.

"He's gone!" cried Buddy.

"Come on! Let's chase him!" proposed Tom.

Aunt Mary and the Italian organ grinder at that moment came into the kitchen and Tony, seeing his pet vanish cried:

"Tolla! Tolla! Come back to me!" Then he talked in his own language using words which the boys could not understand.

But Tolla did not come back.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Aunt Mary. "So there was a monkey in my kitchen after all. But what made him jump out if he's tame?"

"I guess Brick scared him," said Buddy. "You see they're friends all right," he went on to his aunt. "My dog and the monkey got

to know each other in the baggage car. But I guess when Brick busted the door open and jumped so hard, Tolla thought it was a strange dog after him. He didn't stop to look and see if it was Brick or not."

"Come on!" cried Tom again. "We'll catch that monkey! He's out in the back yard!"

At the same time Tony Salvatore, with a murmured "excusa me, please," glided out of the back kitchen door and could be heard clattering down the steps into the yard. Meanwhile Sallie, crouched in the corner with her apron over her head, kept murmuring:

"Take him away! Oh, the terrible monkey! Take him away!"

"Don't be silly!" said Aunt Mary going over to her maid and pulling her hand and apron down off her head. "What are you covering your hair for, anyhow? The monkey is gone."

"Oh, is he gone? Thank goodness!" exclaimed the girl. "I didn't want him to get tangled in my hair."

“It isn’t monkeys that get in your hair, it’s bats you’re thinking of,” said Buddy.

“Oh, yes. So ’tis! I got monkeys mixed up with bats,” said Sallie now smiling. “But I’m glad he’s gone.”

“We’re going to get him back for Tony,” Buddy went on as he and Tom hurried into the dark, back yard. “But we won’t bring him in your kitchen, Aunt Mary.”

“No! Please don’t,” said Mrs. Lawson with a laugh. “And don’t be away too long. Supper is ready.”

“We’ll be right back,” promised Tom. “ ’Cause we’re both hungry.”

“That’s good,” said Mrs. Lawson. “How did the monkey get in here, Sallie?” she asked the girl.

“I don’t know, I’m sure, ma’am. I guess he just came in the window. All I know is that I heard a noise and looked up and there he was. Oh, I was so frightened!”

“There was really nothing of which to be frightened,” said Mrs. Lawson. “He’s only a

little monkey and a tame one at that. He goes around with the organ grinder to do tricks for children."

"I guess he was doing tricks for me, too, ma'am," said Sallie with another smile. "He perched up on the window and made funny faces. But I was afraid of him."

Out in the yard Buddy and Tom could be heard running around, with Tony Salvatore, in their queer search for the missing monkey. The Italian called over and over again:

"Tolla! Tolla! Come to me!"

But Tolla, though he could be heard leaping about in the rustling leaves of the trees and grape vine, did not come. Now and then he chattered which was his way of talking, but neither Buddy, Tom nor Tony Salvatore could get near enough to catch him.

"So dark, no can see!" murmured the Italian once when he had run into Buddy and Tom as they were chasing about under the trees.

That gave Buddy an idea and he hurried back into the house.

“Did you catch him?” asked his aunt who was talking to Sallie. “If you did then you and Tom must come to supper. Everything is getting cold.”

“No, Aunt Mary, we didn’t get Tolla,” answered Buddy. “But it’s so dark we can’t see, so I’m going to get a flashlight I brought with me. Then we can find him.”

Up to his room hurried Buddy and soon he was down again with the little pocket electric lamp, ready once more to join in the search after the monkey, with his chum and the Italian.

Suddenly, as Aunt Mary and Sallie tried to look out of the kitchen windows to see what was going on, there sounded a loud scream from the back yard, followed by a loud bark from Brick.

“Oh, I guess they’ve caught him!” shouted Buddy as he ran out with his flashlight.

CHAPTER VI

TONY'S REWARD

VERY strange things were happening in the back yard of Aunt Mary's house. At least so her neighbors thought. For in the dusk of early evening a man, two boys and a dog were dimly seen rushing about, here and there, from one tree to another and then to the grape vine. And then they saw flashing lights as Buddy came out with his little pocket electric torch, and also one belonging to his chum.

"I wonder what's going on at Mrs. Lawson's?" spoke Mr. Bateman to his wife as he looked from his dining room window and saw the dim figures dashing about and the flickering lights.

"Why, it looks as if it was a party," Mrs. Bateman answered.

Just then came shouts, yells, a scream and the barking of a dog.

"It must be a surprise party!" chuckled Mr. Bateman. "I'm going to find out about it."

Just before this Buddy had hurried out with his flashlight and Tom's, and he, also, had heard the scream and the barking of Brick.

"Did you catch the monkey?" Buddy shouted, handing Tom his light.

"Not yet," answered the other boy.

"I heard a scream," Buddy went on. "I thought it was Tolla. And Brick barked."

"It was a cat that screamed," exclaimed Tom. "There was a cat up a tree and Tony thought she was his Tolla and he grabbed hold of her by the leg and the cat screamed."

"Oh," chuckled Buddy. "That was funny!"

"I guess it wasn't very funny for Tony," said Tom. He and Buddy had begun to call the Italian by his first name, for the organ-grinder was such a jolly, friendly man.

"Why wasn't it funny?" Buddy wanted to know.

"The cat bit him," exclaimed Tom. "But now we have our flashlights and we can see to tell whether it's a cat or a monkey before we grab it. I guess there's lots of cats around your Aunt Mary's back yard."

Mr. Salvatore, or "Tony" as the boys called him, had, indeed, mistaken a cat up a tree for his monkey pet, and had been scratched.

"But I no care—not hurt much!" said the Italian shrugging his shoulders and nodding his head as he met the boys running toward him with their lights. "Mebby so we catcha Tolla now we gotta da lanterns to see."

"They aren't exactly lanterns," Buddy explained, shining the beam of his little electric torch up into a tree. "But they're just as good. I wish I had one for you, Tony."

"Oh, I gotta da match," said the monkey's owner with a smile as he struck one and, by its light, peered up in the grape vine where he

heard, just there, the rustling of leaves. But it was only the wind, not Tolla.

So the queer search went on, Buddy and Tom forgetting all about coming in to their suppers, while Aunt Mary and Sallie watched impatiently from the kitchen window.

Skipping about the yard with the boys, Tony Salvatore told, as best he could, how his monkey happened to get away. He got off the train with Tolla in the cage and with his organ slung over his shoulder, started for his home on foot, while the boys rode in the automobile. Tony was walking up the street on which stood Aunt Mary's house when, just as he came opposite it, the monkey's cage door flew open. It had not been well fastened after having been opened in the baggage car.

In an instant Tolla slipped out and Tony had a glimpse of his monkey darting across the sidewalk and back into the yard of the Lawson home. For a little while the organ grinder tried to coax his pet back by calling in English and Italian, but Tolla would not come.

Then Tony had left his organ and the empty cage in the shop of an Italian cobbler near by and had gone into the yard himself after the missing animal. But Tolla, glad to be free, would not come near his master, and at last the Italian saw the monkey swing up on the back porch of Aunt Mary's house. Then he rang the bell and wanted to come in to go out the back door and catch Tolla by surprise. Next followed the search in the yard.

"But I guess we'll never catch that monkey," said Buddy to his chum as they raced about here and there, Tony doing what he could to help with his matches, and Brick barking loudly every now and then.

"Maybe he's in some other yard," suggested Tom. "There are lots of yards around here, Buddy."

"There sure are!"

Just then Mr. Bateman, who, with his wife, had been wondering at the strange antics in Mrs. Lawson's yard, went to his own back

fence, peered over and, seeing the two boys near it with their flashlights, asked them:

“What’s the matter?”

“We’re chasing a monkey.” Buddy replied, not knowing who Mr. Bateman was, but rightly guessing that he was one of Aunt Mary’s neighbors.

“Chasing a monkey!” exclaimed Mr. Bateman in surprise. “What do you mean? Is it some game?”

“You’d think so, if you tried to play it,” said Tom with a laugh.

“It’s a monkey that got away from Tony the organ grinder,” explained Buddy. “He came in my Aunt Mary’s house—I mean the monkey did—and he scared Sallie and then Tony came in after him and he jumped out of the window—I mean the monkey did—and now he’s somewhere in the yard and we’re trying to find him.”

“Oh,” said Mr. Bateman, laughing. “No wonder there was some excitement! But I see some animal behind you now!” he suddenly

exclaimed as he noticed a movement in the dark shadows behind Buddy. "Maybe that's the monkey!"

"No, sir, thank you, that's my dog Brick!" Buddy answered. "My chum and I and Brick have come to visit Aunt Mary."

"Is the monkey visiting, too?" Mr. Bateman asked, chuckling.

"Oh, no," Tom said. "He just got out of his cage and wandered in. But I guess we can't catch him tonight."

"I guess we can't, either," agreed Buddy, who was getting rather tired.

"Brick's barking at something up another tree," went on Tom, as the excited dog could be heard down in the end of the yard.

"I guess it's only another cat," sighed Buddy wearily. "Though my dog almost caught a monkey up a tree once," he said to Mr. Bateman. "It was back home in Mountchester and the monkey was named Bomba and it got away from Mr. Hack's animal store. So Brick knows something about monkeys."

"Well, he knows more than I do then," laughed Mr. Bateman as he turned to go back in his house and tell his wife about the "surprise party" in Mrs. Lawson's yard. "I hope you catch him."

"I do, too," spoke Buddy. "I guess Tony will be glad to get his monkey back."

But the lively Tolla could not be found, and, as it was getting later and darker, Mrs. Lawson insisted on the boys coming in to supper.

"Let Mr. Salvatore look for the monkey as long as he pleases," said Aunt Mary. "But you boys must come in."

"All right," assented Buddy. "We can look after supper, and tomorrow if we don't find him," he added. "It will give us something to do."

"Sure!" Tom agreed.

Then they forgot all about monkeys and organ grinders for a time as they ate the fine supper Sallie had prepared for them. Aunt Mary said she liked to see boys with hearty appetites and Buddy and his chum certainly

must have done her heart good, for they had two helpings of nearly everything.

They were just taking their dessert when Sallie came in to say:

“Excuse me, but that Italian says could he speak to you a minute?”

“To me?” asked Mrs. Lawson, in surprise.

“Yes’m. He’s in the kitchen. I let him in the back door. He and Brick and real friendly like.”

“Did he find Tolla?” asked Buddy, eagerly.

“No, he hasn’t got his monkey,” Sallie said.

“I think it must be you boys he wants to see, not me,” spoke Mrs. Lawson. “Tell him we’ll be there pretty soon,” she went on. “As soon as Buddy and Tom have finished. And, Sallie,”

“Yes’m, Mrs. Lawson.”

“Maybe the poor man is hungry. You might give him a cup of coffee and something to eat.”

“I will, yes’m, thank you! I expect he is

hungry, chasing all over after the monkey the way he was. Poor man!"

"Monkey-chasing sure does give you an appetite!" chuckled Buddy.

"It sure does!" agreed Tom.

The boys and Aunt Mary went out to the kitchen to find Tony just finishing a little lunch. He soon made it clear why he wanted to see Aunt Mary.

"No can find da Tolla," said the organ grinder with a sigh. "He hide, but mebbly he come outa da trees when da sun shine. Mebbly so your boys find da monk I maka dem a—whata you call—giva dem money—five dol."

"Oh, you mean you want to offer a reward of five dollars if the boys catch your monkey; is that it?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"Sure! Tony giva da reward—five dol—for Tolla. Mebbly so boys get heem for me."

"Golly! That will be great!" cried Buddy. "We'll find Tolla for you, Tony!"

"That's what we will!" echoed Tom. "We'll

start hunting as soon as it's daylight in the morning."

"It's going to be a queer way for you and Buddy to spend your visit at my house—searching for a missing monkey!" laughed Aunt Mary. "But I wish you luck!"

"It'll be lots of fun!" declared Buddy. "That monkey must be somewhere in your back yard, Aunt Mary, or in some of the neighbors'. Tom and I will find him in the morning."

"Den I come an' bringa da five dol," promised Tony. "Tolla he very good monk for da organ. He do nicea da tricks!"

"Sure he's a good monkey," said Buddy. "We'll find him for you!"

Then Tony, having offered his reward, said good-bye and went to get his organ and the empty cage.

And Buddy, with his chum, went out again into the dark yard with their flashlights to have another look before going to bed.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE NIGHT

“WELL, I guess we can’t find him,” said Buddy, after a rather long search, during which he and Tom had looked up in many trees for the missing monkey and had flashed their lights all around the bushes.

“He’s run away,” decided Tom, rubbing Brick’s ears. For the dog was still out in Aunt Mary’s back yard with the two boys, looking for Tolla.

“It seems so,” went on Buddy. “But there are a lot of trees and grape vines in the yards of other houses around here, so I should think it would be a good place for a monkey to stay. We might pick him up in the morning and get that five dollars reward.”

“Sure!” agreed Tom. “That would be great! Two and a half apiece. It’s a good

thing there are lots of grape vines around your Aunt Mary's house, Buddy."

"Why?" asked the red-haired boy. "You mean so we can pick some? I guess they're ripe now."

"No, I didn't mean just that," went on Tom. "But a grape vine is a good thing for a monkey to swing on. It must be like the vines in the jungle where Tolla came from."

"Sure!" agreed Buddy. "I didn't think of that. Well, maybe when we come out here in the morning, we'll find Tolla."

"Golly! That would be great! We might see him swinging in your aunt's grape vine just as if he was back in his own jungle! And what'll we buy with the five dollars reward?" he asked.

"Maybe we better wait until we get it!" chuckled Buddy.

"Yes, I s'pose so," went on Tom. "I wonder if monkeys eat grapes?"

"Oh, I guess they do," said Buddy. "But Aunt Mary won't mind if Tolla eats a few

while he's swinging by his tail and waiting for us to come out and get him."

"We'll ask her, when we go in," decided Tom. "But it's a good thing it isn't winter."

"Why?" his chum inquired. "I had lots of fun last winter up in the snow camp with the lumber men."

"And the bear that chased you!" laughed Tom, for he had heard Buddy tell the story. "That sure was funny. But I meant it's good it isn't winter now, or Tolla would catch cold."

"Yes, monkeys don't like cold," Buddy assented. "Mr. Hack thought Bomba would catch cold when he was in our tree the time Brick tried to climb up after him, for it was frosty that day. But Bomba didn't."

Then, after another walk around the yard, searching for Tolla, Buddy and Tom, followed by Brick, went in the house to get ready for bed. For it was growing late and the two chums were rather tired from their day of travel and excitement.

"Now quiet down and go to sleep, boys,"

said Aunt Mary as she looked in at Buddy and Tom as they were in bed. "Don't talk and keep yourselves awake. You'll have all day tomorrow to do that."

"Yes'm," said Buddy, and Tom murmured the same.

But just when Buddy was dozing off into quiet slumber he heard a chuckle from Tom's bed and that roused him to ask:

"What's the matter?"

"I just thought of something funny."

"Tell me!" begged Buddy who loved a joke.

"Well," went on Tom, "I was thinking how funny it would be if, while we were asleep in the night, Tolla should come in the window and tickle our faces with his tail! Ha! Ha!"

"Golly! That would be funny!" And Buddy laughed at the thought.

Aunt Mary, reading down stairs, heard the noise in the boys' room, and called up:

"I thought you were going to sleep!"

"We—we are!" giggled Buddy. "But Tom

just thought of something funny. If Tolla should come in and tickle us with his tail——”

“Now you stop talking about that monkey and go to sleep!” ordered his aunt. She, herself, wanted to laugh but didn’t dare.

“I—I guess we better get quiet,” whispered Tom. “Good-night, Buddy!”

“Good-night, Tom!”

Then Buddy and his chum dropped off into slumberland.

It was Buddy who awakened first, some time later in the night. It was quiet and still in the house, and he could hear Tom breathing in the next bed. But something had awakened Buddy and, for a moment, he did not know what to do.

He had heard a noise, or he had dreamed it, and this had awakened him. Then he had felt something soft and fuzzy brushing his face. In an instant, as he awakened, there came to his mind what Tom had said about Tolla coming in the window and using his tail as a tickling brush.

Buddy looked across the room toward the window. It was open. A monkey could easily have climbed in. And there was something moving about the room—moving very softly. Buddy could hear it.

Strangely enough, the small boy was not in the least frightened. He wasn't the kind of a boy who gets afraid easily. It was quite dark, for it was the middle of the night, but still a little gleam of light came in from a distant street lamp.

Buddy looked over at Tom. It wasn't his chum moving about the room, perhaps to get a drink of water as Buddy had thought at first, that made the noise. No, Tom was in bed and asleep.

But Buddy certainly had felt that soft, fuzzy tickling on his face and he was sure what it was. So he suddenly called:

"Tom! Tom! Wake up! The monkey's in here! Let's catch him and get that five dollars reward! Tom! Tom! Wake up! Help me catch Tolla!"

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE POLICE STATION

BUDDY'S chum sat up in bed so suddenly that he nearly slipped out. But Tom managed to catch hold of the edge just in time and so saved himself from a fall. For a moment he did not know what had happened, nor what had awakened him, until he again heard Buddy's voice saying:

"Help me catch him! Help me catch him!"

"Catch who?" asked Tom and it sounded as if he might be getting a cold and sneezing. But he wasn't. "Catch who?"

"Catch Tolla!" answered Buddy, trying to look across the almost dark room to see Tom and also the form moving softly over the carpet. "That monkey's in here. He tickled my face!"

"He did!" cried Tom and in an instant his

hand slid beneath his pillow and brought out his flashlight which he had put there after the search for Tolla in the yard early in the evening.

There was a sudden glow in the room. Buddy and Tom blinked their eyes because of the glare from the flashlight.

"Where's Tolla?" asked Tom, shining his light around.

"There!" exclaimed Buddy pointing to some hairy shape moving in the room between the two beds.

"Why, that's your dog Brick!" exclaimed Tom with a laugh.

"Brick?" cried Buddy, in questioning tones.

"Sure!" went on his chum. "Look!"

Tom flashed the light on the animal and, surely enough, it was Brick.

The dog wagged his tail and, having sniffed his way about the room to make himself familiar with every corner, came and stood by

Buddy's bed and wagged a glad tail. Then Buddy knew what had happened.

"It was Brick's tail tickling my face that woke me up and made me think it was Tolla," chuckled the blue-eyed boy. "I guess I was thinking what you said about maybe that monkey might come in the window, Tom."

"I guess so," Tom agreed. "But it's only Brick. How'd he get up in here?"

"He must have come out of the cellar," Buddy answered. "I guess Sallie forgot to shut the door after we took him down." For it had been decided that until Brick got acquainted with the neighborhood around Aunt Mary's house he should be kept in the cellar each night. So the boys had put him there after giving up the monkey hunt. And it was quite possible that Brick had found the door open and, being lonesome without Buddy, had wandered about the house until he got into the bed room.

"Well, Brick, I'm glad to see you," said Buddy, patting his dog, at which the tail,

wagged harder than before. "But I wish you'd been Tolla."

"So do I," agreed Tom. "We'd be in five dollars then."

Aunt Mary, hearing the talk, called from her room farther down the hall:

"What are you boys doing?"

"We're not doing anything, Aunt Mary, thank you," spoke Buddy politely. "But Brick came in my room and he tickled my face and I thought he was the monkey."

"Dear me! Will you ever forget about that monkey?" exclaimed Mrs. Lawson trying not to laugh, though she wanted to. "Why did you take Brick up in your room?" she asked, putting on a bath robe as she got out of bed.

"We didn't *bring* him up, thank you," answered Tom, determined not to allow Buddy to get ahead of him in politeness. "I guess the cellar door opened and he *walked* up."

"Well, I'll have to walk him right down," said Buddy's aunt. "You boys won't be able

to stay awake tomorrow if you don't go to sleep now. You must be quiet."

"If you please, I didn't wake up on purpose," Buddy said. "It was Brick."

"Yes, I suppose so. Well, I'll take your dog down and I'll be sure the door is locked."

Brick was glad to see Aunt Mary come walking in the boys' room, and he wagged his tail at her. He seemed to think it was lots of fun to have something like this going on in the middle of the night. But he whined a little when Mrs. Lawson ordered him to follow her to the kitchen and thence down cellar. Brick liked it much better up with Buddy and Tom than he did down cellar, even with the furnace and coal bin for company.

But he was a good dog, and did as he was ordered so that soon he was asleep on a piece of carpet. Buddy and Tom, once more composing themselves to slumber, thought of the fun they would have next day seeing the sights of the city and looking for Tolla.

The sun was brightly shining when Buddy

next awakened and for a moment he lay stretched out in bed, hardly able to remember just where he was. This room was quite different from his room at home.

"Why, I'm at Aunt Mary's—with Tom!" exclaimed Buddy as he suddenly remembered all that had happened. Then he looked over at his chum in the other bed and called:

"Tom! Come on! Get up! It's morning and we're going to get that monkey and earn the five dollars reward! Come on!"

"Oh! Yes!" Tom answered, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. Then he laughed and said: "Do you know what I was dreaming?"

"No. What?" asked Buddy.

"I dreamed we were back at Rainbow Lake and that we were sailing around Pirate Island with a monkey in the Indian's boat!" and Tom laughed at his queer dream.

"That would have been fun!" chuckled Buddy. "And maybe it was good luck to dream that. I hope we catch Tolla today."

"I hope so, too," agreed his chum.

From below came the sound of a jingling bell and Buddy, glancing at a clock on the bureau, said:

“That means we got to wash.”

“How do you know?” Tom inquired.

“I’ve been here at Aunt Mary’s before,” Buddy explained. “There’s a getting up bell and washing bell and then there’s an eating bell.”

“Does the bell eat?” asked Tom with another laugh as he threw one of his pillows at Buddy.

“No, but we do—that is if we get up in time and wash!” answered Buddy tossing the pillow back and hitting Tom on the head. “That’s what the bells are for—so we won’t be late. I’ll wash first ’cause I’m up first and then you can come in. Are you hungry?”

“Sure!” said Tom. “I’m always hungry!”

“So am I, mostly,” went on Buddy. “Golly, but it’s a swell day!” he added as he went to a window and looked out.

"It'll be a fine day for catching monkeys!" chuckled Tom. "I hope we have good luck."

Knowing that Aunt Mary liked to have the rules she made about washing and breakfast lived up to, Buddy and Tom were promptly on time in the dining room and politely greeted Mrs. Lawson who was waiting for them. She asked how they had slept and laughed with them at the memory of Brick coming up to the room to tickle Buddy into wakefulness with his tail.

"Is Brick down cellar now, Aunt Mary?" asked Buddy as she rang the bell for Sallie to serve breakfast.

"No, I let him run out in the yard and I suppose he is there now, waiting for you," was the answer.

"Did he have breakfast?" Buddy asked, anxious lest his pet might be hungry.

"Oh, yes, I fed him," said Sallie. "I like dogs," she went on, "but I don't like monkeys."

"Did you see anything of Tolla in the

yard?" asked Buddy as he sipped his orange juice.

"No, I didn't see him," the maid answered. "I hope he's gone."

"Well, maybe he's hiding in the grape vine," spoke Tom. "We'll find him."

"Is that all you boys are going to do, now that you have come here to visit me?" asked Aunt Mary with a smile. "Are you just going to hunt for that monkey?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Mary!" exclaimed Buddy. "We'll do anything you want us to; go to the movies or eat ice cream or go to the Zoo or anything like that!" and he laughed.

"Well, I have planned some trips for you," said Mrs. Lawson, "and it's a relief to me to know that you want to go on them. I hope you will like it here," she said to Tom.

"Oh, yes'm, I love it!" he exclaimed. "I think the city is wonderful! There are so many things to see!"

"But first," pleaded Buddy, "we'd like to have a little time to look for this monkey, Aunt

Mary. We might get that five dollars reward!"

"Very well, you may search a little while for Tolla but don't go too far away from the neighborhood. I planned on taking you down town with me in the auto to show you the sights later in the morning."

"We'll be ready," Buddy promised. "It won't take long to catch Tolla, if we see him."

"But maybe we won't," added Tom.

"I hardly think you will," said Mrs. Lawson with a smile.

Having finished their breakfast, Buddy and Tom went out in the yard where Brick capered wildly about, overjoyed to see them. Buddy raced with his pet among the trees and then the two boys and the dog began peering here and there amid the branches and up in the tangled grapevine for a sight of Tolla. They also looked in adjoining yards but there was no sight of the Italian's monkey.

"I guess he's a good ways off," said Buddy, after a while. "If he was around here, Brick

would bark and make a fuss, like he did when Bomba got out of Mr. Hack's yard and hid in our tree."

"I guess so, too," agreed Tom. "If Tolla was here Brick would bark. Now I'll tell you what we can do."

"What?"

"We can walk up and down the street out in front and maybe around the corner to the next street, and look in different places for that monkey. That won't be going too far away; will it?"

"I don't think so," Buddy replied. "We can come back every now and then to see if Aunt Mary is ready to take us down town in her auto."

"All right, then," went on Tom. "Let's look up and down the street for Tolla."

"But we better leave Brick home," suggested Buddy. "He might get lost."

"Put him down cellar," proposed Tom.

This seemed a good thing to do so, pretty soon, the two small boys alone were walking

away from Aunt Mary's house, having told Sallie they would soon be back.

They thought perhaps they might see Tony, also making an early morning search for his pet, but they had no sight of the Italian. Nor did they get a glimpse of Tolla as they glanced up one side yard after another of the houses on each side of where Aunt Mary lived.

"Let's try the next block, around the corner," suggested Tom.

"All right. I guess that won't be too far," Buddy agreed.

They walked slowly along, their eyes eager for a sight of Tolla. A little distance down this street was a red brick building with a green lamp in front. Seeing which Tom asked:

"What's that?"

"Police station," Buddy answered, remembering it from a previous visit to Bloomberg.

"Where they arrest people?" Tom asked.

"Sure."

"I'd like to go in and look around," proceeded Tom. And then the attention of both

boys was fixed more closely on the police station for they saw, getting out of a small auto, and going up the steps, a man carrying something in his arms.

“Look!” cried Buddy, pointing. “Look what he’s got! A monkey!”

“That’s right!” echoed Tom. “He must have caught Tolla and he’s bringing him to the police so they can find his owner. Oh, golly! There goes our reward, Buddy.”

“Maybe not!” cried the red-haired lad. “If they don’t know whose monkey it is we can tell them and maybe they’ll give it to us to take to Tony and he’ll give us the five dollars anyhow. Come on!”

A few seconds later Buddy and his chum hurried into the police station.

CHAPTER IX

THE FIRE ALARM

BUDDY and Tom had often been in the small police station of Mountchester, their home town. The boys knew some of the policemen, and Buddy's father was quite friendly with the Chief. Once Buddy had gone to the Mountchester station to ask if anyone had seen his dog Brick who, when Buddy first got him, often ran away and became lost.

Back of the oak desk, in front of which was a shiny, brass railing, sat a kindly-faced officer with a cap on which there was much gold braid. Also on his cap was the word **LIEUTENANT** in gold letters. The lieutenant looked up as the boys entered, smiled at them and asked:

“What can I do for you? Don't tell me you are lost!” He laughed heartily with a jolly voice.

"No, sir, thank you," answered Buddy. "We aren't lost. My Aunt Mary lives just around the corner."

"That's good," said the lieutenant. "Well, if you aren't lost what's the trouble? Do you want someone arrested?"

"No, sir, thank you," spoke Tom.

And then, from a side room near the main office of the station came a regular officer, with a club. Buddy and Tom knew, though they could not see it, that he also had a big revolver in his hip pocket. This policeman looked sharply at the two boys, and asked the lieutenant:

"Are these the lads, sir?"

"Oh, no!" the lieutenant said with a chuckle. "They just came in. I don't know what they came in for, but I guess they'll tell me soon. This officer is going out to look for some boys who have been breaking windows in a vacant house," went on the lieutenant back of the desk, explaining to Buddy and his chum.

"And I know you didn't do anything like that."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Buddy, with a laugh while he and Tom began looking around for the man who had come in just before them; the man they had seen carrying a monkey in his arms. Just then this man, who was not dressed like the police officers, came out of another side room, but he had nothing in his arms.

"What did you do with it?" exclaimed Buddy, eagerly.

"Do with what?" the man asked, in surprise.

"That monkey!" Tom said. "Where is it?"

"Oh, is that your monkey?" asked the lieutenant, coming out from behind the desk.

"Well——"

"No, it isn't exactly *ours*," exclaimed Buddy, hoping, somehow, that he and Tom could still claim the reward. "But we know who it belongs to."

"Tony Salvatore, an organ grinder," added Tom. "His name is Tolla."

"I thought you said it was *Tony*," spoke the lieutenant, laughing again.

"That's the organ grinder's name," explained Buddy. "The *monkey's* name is Tolla."

The man who had carried the monkey into the police station smiled as he said:

"It's queer to give a name to that kind of a monkey."

"It surely is," agreed the lieutenant.

"But boys are queer," went on the man who had carried the monkey in. "I've got two of my own, so I know." He had a black moustache and Buddy thought he looked like a good father. So did Tom.

"Oh, *we* didn't name the monkey," said Buddy, quickly. "*Tony* did, and Tony isn't a boy. But it's his monkey and he'd like to get it back, and he said he'd give us five dollars reward if we found it. But of course if *you* found it *you* can get the reward," and Buddy looked at the man with the black moustache.

"Oh, so there's a reward for finding that

monkey; is there?" asked the lieutenant. "Well, it looks like a valuable one."

The man seemed surprised as he looked at the officer and then at the two boys and finally he said:

"I didn't know that, lieutenant. But see here! I'm in a hurry to get home, and I'm leaving the city tomorrow to be gone a couple of weeks. I don't care anything about this reward and if these boys can collect it I'm willing to let them. Turn the monkey over to them and let them tell Tony Salvatore about it and get the five dollars."

"Well, that's very good of you," the police officer said. "I don't see why it can't be done. I'll make a note of it."

"Oh, thanks, a lot!" exclaimed Buddy, feeling very happy all of a sudden.

"It's very kind of you," went on Tom, trying to speak as politely as Buddy.

"All right, Mr. Dawson," went on the lieutenant nodding to the man with the black moustache. "I'll let these boys collect the re-

ward. I'll keep the monkey here until they can get in touch with this Tony Salvatore. Where does he live?" the officer asked, reaching for pencil and paper as Mr. Dawson hurried out of the station, calling a good-bye to the boys and wishing them luck.

"Where does who live?" asked Tom.

"This Tony Salvatore who, you say, owns the monkey Mr. Dawson found."

Then Buddy and Tom looked at each other. This was something they hadn't thought of. They didn't know where Tony lived. The Italian organ grinder had not left his address, nor had the boys thought to ask for it. But they had an idea he would be found somewhere around Aunt Mary's house—at least as long as Tolla was lost. So Buddy said:

"We don't know where Tony lives."

"You don't?" exclaimed the officer in surprise. "Then how are you going to give him back his monkey and get the reward?"

"Well, if you please," said Buddy, "I think he will come back to my aunt's house, for it

was there the monkey ran in and got lost at first. And we could take the monkey home to my aunt's house—she's Mrs. Mary Lawson, of Evergreen avenue—and we could keep Tolla there until Mr. Salvatore came for him."

"Yes, I suppose you could do that," said the officer slowly as he wrote something on the paper in his hand. "You see this monkey fell off an express wagon and Mr. Dawson picked it up in the street, just around the corner and brought it in here for safe keeping as he saw it was valuable."

"Yes, I guess Tolla is worth a lot of money," Buddy agreed.

"But what was the monkey doing on an express wagon?" asked Tom.

"I guess he was getting a ride," suggested Buddy. "You see, sir," he went on, speaking to the lieutenant, "Tolla is an extra lively monkey and when he got out of his cage he jumped in my aunt's window and then my dog came up from down cellar and that scared Tolla and he jumped out of the window again

and hid in the yard and he's been running around loose ever since."

"And maybe climbing in the grape vine like he did when he lived in the jungle," added Tom. "And swinging by his tail."

The lieutenant looked from one boy to the other and then at the paper and pencil in his hand. A strange look was on his face as he said:

"Look here! Either you're wrong or I am, or else we're all dreaming! What kind of a monkey is this Tolla, anyhow, that he can jump in and out of windows and climb grape vines? What kind is he?"

"Why," explained Buddy, "he's a regular hand organ monkey and he can do tricks and he got out of Tony's cage and ran away."

"And if we bring him back we'll get five dollars reward," added Tom.

"So if you'll let us take him," proceeded Buddy, "we can keep him in my Aunt Mary's house until we find Tony Salvatore."

The lieutenant went back of his desk, sat

down in his chair suddenly and began to laugh in such a loud and jolly voice that several reserve officers, in their shirt sleeves, came out of the side room whence had also come the policeman who went to catch the window-breaking boys. Long and loud laughed the lieutenant while Buddy and Tom looked and wondered. And finally the lieutenant said:

“Boys, you’re barking up the wrong tree! So was I. Jim, bring out that monkey a gentleman just left here!” he called. “Oh, dear! Oh, dear. Ha! Ha! Ha!” He laughed again.

One of the reserve officers went back in the side room and soon came out carrying a large, brown fuzzy figure in his arms.

And you can imagine how surprised Buddy and Tom were when they found themselves looking not at a live monkey named Tolla, but at a large stuffed, plush animal, made like a Teddy Bear, with glass eyes and a tail inside of which was a wire so that it would stay where ever you twisted or bent it.

“Ha! Ha! Look at that monkey, boys!”

chuckled the lieutenant. "Is that the one you saw jumping in and out of the window and hanging in the grape vine? Is it? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Oh, no!" gasped Buddy. "That isn't Tolla!"

"Why, that's a toy monkey!" said Tom, much disappointed.

"Exactly!" agreed the officer as the toy, stuffed animal was put down on top of his desk where it stared unblinkingly at Tom and Buddy. "It's a big, expensive plush monkey, quite new out of the shop, and it fell off the express wagon as it was being taken somewhere for delivery, I guess. This Mr. Dawson saw it fall, and, as he couldn't stop the expressman to give the monkey back, he brought it in here. It fell off the wagon just around the corner. Did you think it was a live monkey?"

"Why, yes," said Buddy. "We thought it was Tolla."

"We saw the man carrying it in and it looked alive," added Tom.

"Well, it's a pretty good imitation," agreed the lieutenant. "But it's the wrong monkey. Sorry, boys! But if you know who owns this plush animal maybe they'll pay a reward for its return. Do you?"

"No, sir, we don't," Buddy answered.

"Then I'll keep it here until the owner shows up. It's too bad you can't collect the five dollars. I'm sorry!"

"Oh, maybe we'll find Tolla," said Buddy hopefully. "We're looking for him all along the streets around here."

"Well, I wish you luck," said the officer. "Come in again," he invited them. And then, as Buddy and Tom started to leave the station, a big gong on the wall began to ring loudly.

At the sound of it several policemen in their shirt sleeves, who had been smiling at the boys and the plush monkey, hurriedly put on their coats. The bell continued to clang and the lieutenant pushed an electric button back of his desk, causing another bell, some distance away, to ring with a clattering sound.

“What’s the matter?” asked Tom of his chum, wonderingly.

“Fire, I guess,” Buddy answered.

“Yes, it’s a fire,” said the lieutenant. “Just down the street,” he added as he counted the strokes of the big gong which sounded the box number. “I rang for the patrol auto to take our men there.”

“Oh, a fire!” cried Tom, his eyes shining. “Golly!”

“Let’s go!” exclaimed Buddy.

“Come on!” shouted Tom.

They dashed out of the police station as fast as they could run, leaving the plush monkey, with his yellow, glass eyes, sitting on the lieutenant’s desk.

CHAPTER X

TWO LOST BOYS

WITH the gong loudly clanging, the patrol auto, filled with police officers, dashed out of the driveway back of the station house as Buddy and Tom ran around the corner to go to the fire. They saw a number of other boys and men watching the patrol speeding down the street.

"I wish we could have ridden on that!" said Buddy.

"It would have been swell!" agreed Tom. "But, anyhow, we'll see the fire all right."

"Yes," Buddy agreed. "Come on before they put it out or else there won't be anything to see! Let's run fast!"

"Sure!" cried Tom. "I'm glad we came to visit your Aunt Mary; aren't you?"

"Awful glad," agreed Buddy. "There's

such a lot of things to see and do. It was fun at Rainbow Lake, though," he added, for he had been Tom's guest in camp there and had enjoyed it very much.

"It sure was," said Tom. "But this is great! Just think of it," he went on. "We were right in the police station when the fire alarm signal came in! Wow!"

"Right on the dot," echoed Buddy. "Look! There goes the engine!" he shouted.

There was a louder clanging of gongs and a heavy roaring, throbbing sound was heard. At the end of the street a big motor engine dashed past on its way to the blaze. On the sidewalks quite a crowd was now running along, as were Buddy and his chum, eager to get to the fire.

There came another rattle of bells and the boys, now at the second corner, saw the hook and ladder truck swing around. The men on the long steps below the ladders clung with one hand and with the other were pulling on their rubber boots. The chauffeur at the front wheel, guiding the long, heavy auto, was a

queer sight. His face seemed to be covered with white foam.

“Look!” cried Tom, pointing. “Look at him, Buddy! What’s the matter with him?”

Buddy looked and exclaimed:

“He must have fallen in a flour barrel!”

Several others in the crowd that was following the fire apparatus had seen the queer face of the driver of the hook and ladder truck. And then one man guessed what had happened for he called out:

“He was just going to shave when the alarm came in and he had to jump. It caught him in the middle of his shave. Ha! Ha!” Others also laughed.

Buddy and Tom would never have thought of this explanation but, as they looked more closely, they saw that it really was white, soapy lather on the fireman’s face.

And, just as the man in the crowd had said, when the alarm sounded the fireman did not have time to finish shaving, or even to wipe the lather off his face. He made a jump for the

big motor hook and ladder truck and rode on it to the fire just as he was, all soapy.

"We see some funny sights here in the city; don't we, Buddy?" chuckled Tom as they raced along together.

"We sure do!" agreed Buddy. "I'm glad we came to my Aunt Mary's; aren't you?"

"I certainly am!" answered Tom heartily. "Look! There's the fire!" he added a moment later, pointing to some clouds of black smoke rolling up out of the street in the next block.

"Golly! It's a big one!" cried Buddy.

"Terrible!" agreed his chum.

"I'm glad Brick didn't come with us," Buddy went on, for the dog had been left at Aunt Mary's. "He might get stepped on or run over."

"We wouldn't want that to happen," agreed Tom.

They were now close to the fire and in the midst of a great deal of excitement. The engine, hook and ladder, hose cart and some smaller autos, painted a bright red, in which

rode the assistant chiefs of the Bloomberg fire department, were now gathered in the street near the blaze. Excited men, some only half dressed, having come from their fire houses in such a hurry, were pulling out the lengths of hose. A big man, with a rubber boot on one foot and a shoe on the other, was fastening big, fat lengths of rubber hose to the hydrant and then to the pumping engine. Bloomberg had an auto fire department, so the old-fashioned, smoke-puffing steamers were not to be seen. The same gasoline motor that drove the engine apparatus to the fire also worked the water pump.

Now the heavy smoke was getting thicker and Buddy and Tom, looking up, saw amid the black clouds many red sparks from the fire.

"I wonder what's burning?" asked Buddy as he and Tom tried to crowd their way farther front to see all they could.

"It's a carpenter shop and planing mill," answered a man near the boys. "That's what

makes so many sparks," and he pointed to the red embers being carried along by the wind.

"I guess that's what makes such black smoke, too," said Tom.

"Yes," Buddy agreed. "Is it a bad fire, I mean a big one?" he asked the man who had spoken to them.

"Oh, not so very big," was the answer. "The apparatus got here in good time, and they'll soon have it out, I guess."

Buddy and Tom, of course, were as eager as any boys would be to see a fire, and the bigger the blaze the more they could see. But they knew what a terrible thing a fire is, so they were glad the engines were there to put it out as soon as possible.

Men in rubber coats, rubber boots and rubber hats were now rushing to and fro, dragging lengths of hose, and from some hose nozzles the water was beginning to spurt. Once a fireman aimed his hose the wrong way and a lot of people in the crowd got wet. But they only laughed.

Some fireman from the big truck were now carrying long ladders into a side street near the fire. The driver of the truck was helping and, as he walked along, he passed close to Buddy and Tom. This fireman had not yet wiped the soap lather off his face and, seeing it, some one who knew him called:

“Hey, Bill! Didn’t you get time to finish your shave?”

“That’s right, I didn’t!” laughed the chauffeur of the truck. “Guess I’d better wipe it off now!” And he did with his sleeve.

Tom and Buddy could now hear the crackle of the flames mingling with the shouts of the firemen and the clank of the motor pumps. Eager to miss nothing, the two boys pressed forward until a policeman called to them:

“That’s far enough, boys! Don’t go any closer or you might get hurt. It’s dangerous!” Then as he looked at Buddy and Tom he smiled and said:

“Why, you’re the monkey boys; aren’t you?”

He was one of the police officers from the station house where Buddy and Tom had seen the plush monkey, thinking it was Tolla.

"Keep back," went on the officer. "There isn't really much to see. The fire will soon be out."

And, indeed, so quickly had the apparatus responded that before the blaze in the planing mill and carpenter shop had a chance to spread it was wet down and soon began to die out. Seeing this, most of the crowd began to leave. But Buddy and Tom did not often get a chance to see a fire in the city so they remained until almost the last. The truck and the engines pulled away and only two of the small, red autos, in which the chief and his helper had come to the scene, stayed there.

"Well," said Buddy, after a while, "I guess that's about all. We might as well go back."

"Yes," agreed Tom. "We'll start looking for Tolla again. I'd like to get that reward."

"So would I," agreed his chum. "Wasn't

it funny we thought that plush monkey was Tony's?"

"It was funny!" chuckled Tom. "But it looked like a real monkey when that man carried it in; didn't it?"

"Sure!"

The boys turned back from the fire, went up one street and down another, looking in store windows, and at the various sights along the way. They were having a good time and they knew other fun was ahead of them, for Aunt Mary was a good entertainer.

"Where are we going?" asked Tom, after a while. The streets were strange to him.

"I guess the best way to get home will be to go back to that police station," answered Buddy. "I know the way to Aunt Mary's house from there."

So they walked along a little farther and Tom said:

"Don't you think we ought to be at that police station pretty soon? It didn't seem so far when we went from it to the fire."

“No,” said Buddy, “it didn’t. But we were running then and we’re walking now, so it’s slower.”

“That’s so,” said Tom.

Then they went on a little farther, and both began to feel tired. Finally Tom said:

“Buddy, I don’t remember coming down any of these streets on our way to the fire.”

“I don’t, either,” Buddy admitted, slowly.

“And we ought to be at the police station long ago,” went on his chum. “I don’t see anything of it.” He looked up and down the street. Then Tom said:

“Buddy, you know what I think?”

“Well, not exactly,” Buddy said, and he looked troubled. “What?”

“I think we’re lost!” exclaimed Tom.

CHAPTER XI

AUNT MARY'S SURPRISE

SUDDENLY Buddy Martyne began to laugh. He laughed so hard that he had to lean up against a building at the corner so he wouldn't fall over. Tom looked at his blue-eyed chum for a few seconds and then asked:

"What's so funny?"

Tom wasn't laughing. He looked very serious.

"Excuse me," Buddy said, for he always tried to be polite and he knew it wasn't exactly the right thing to be laughing if Tom wasn't in on the joke. Tom might think Buddy was laughing at him.

"Oh, I'll excuse you all right," Tom answered. "That is I will if you'll tell me what you're laughing at." He smiled a little.

"I'm laughing because you said we were

lost!" chuckled Buddy. And then, now that his laughing fit was over, he straightened up and stood beside Tom.

"Well, we are lost; aren't we?" Tom wanted to know.

"How can you be lost in a city?" Buddy wanted to know.

"Easy enough," Tom replied. "If you walk up and down a lot of streets and then you want to go back and you can't find the street where your Aunt Mary lives, why, then you're lost; aren't you?"

Buddy thought this over a little while and then he answered:

"Yes, I guess you are. But," he added, "being lost in a city isn't like being lost in the woods like I once was, and so were you."

"No, it isn't like being lost in the woods," admitted Tom. "But we're lost all the same. You don't know where your Aunt Mary's house is, do you?"

Buddy had to admit that he didn't.

“And you don’t know which way to go to find it; do you?” went on Tom.

The blue-eyed boy shook his head.

“Well, then, aren’t we lost?” Tom exclaimed.

“Yes,” Buddy said, “but it will be easy enough to find our way back. All we’ll have to do will be to ask a policeman and he’ll show us the right street to take.”

“I don’t see any policeman,” Tom said, looking around the corner and up and down the streets.

“Well, we can ask any of these men,” continued Buddy for the corner where the two chums stood was a busy place, with many persons hurrying to and fro. Some of them seemed in a great rush while others were walking along slowly, looking in the store windows as the boys had also been doing.

“Oh, sure, we can ask somebody,” admitted Tom. “But it would be more fun if we could find our way back to your Aunt Mary’s house all by ourselves.”

"Let's try," proposed Buddy.

"I'm not scared about being lost here in the city; are you?" Tom asked.

"Scared? Ho! Ho! I should say not!" laughed Buddy.

"Because if you are," continued Tom, "we could go to a telephone and call up your Aunt Mary and she'd tell us the way to come home. You can't do that when you're lost in the woods, 'cause there aren't any telephones in the woods."

"No!" chuckled Buddy, who was always ready to laugh, "there aren't. Gosh! Many a time when we've been lost in the woods we wished we had a telephone; didn't we?"

"Sure!" said Tom.

"But," went on Buddy, "I don't believe we'd better call up my Aunt Mary."

"Why not?" the other boy wanted to know. "Don't you remember her number?"

"Oh, yes, and I could find it in the book if I didn't remember it. But if I called her up and told her we were lost she might get scared and

excited and then the next time we wanted to come out by ourselves she wouldn't let us."

"Golly! That's so!" admitted Tom. "Then we couldn't hunt for that lost monkey."

"Or get the five dollars reward," added Buddy. "So I guess we better try to get back to Aunt Mary's house all by ourselves and then everything will be all right and we can come out again."

"And even if we get back late," went on Tom, "we can tell her we got lost a little bit but we found ourselves all right."

"Sure!" echoed Buddy and then the two boys started to walk on again, keeping their eyes open for a sight of some streets which they knew would lead them to the one where Aunt Mary lived. Buddy and his chum weren't tired, though they had been walking a great deal. They had seen so many strange sights that they quite forgot about themselves except when they suddenly discovered that they were lost.

Suddenly, from around the corner of an-

other street, the boys heard the music of a hand organ. They looked at each other with the same, single thought, and Buddy exclaimed:

“Maybe that’s Tony!”

“Maybe!” agreed Tom. “If it is we can ask him where he lives so we’ll know where to go when we find his Tolla.”

“But maybe he’s found his own monkey,” said Buddy. “If he has——”

“Golly! That would be too bad!” exclaimed Tom. “Then we’d never get that reward.”

“Let’s go see!” proposed Buddy.

The two boys hurried around the corner, the music sounding louder as they neared it. There was an Italian grinding away at his organ, and from a distance he looked like Tony Salvatore. But as the boys came closer they saw it wasn’t the Italian they knew and, best of all for them, he had no monkey with him.

“So I guess Tolla is still lost,” said Buddy as they stood listening to the music for a while, “and we can still keep on hunting for him.”

“That’s what we’ll do,” agreed Tom. “But first we’d better get back to your Aunt Mary’s house.”

“Oh, sure! We’ll do that!” said Buddy.

They wandered about a little longer, up one street and down another, always looking for one which they could remember as having been on before. But they had no luck and Buddy was thinking that perhaps it would be best, after all, to ask some passerby, appeal to a policeman or even to telephone his aunt when Tom suddenly exclaimed:

“There it is!”

“What?” cried Buddy. “Is it the lost monkey? Do you see Tolla?”

“No,” Tom replied, “but I see the place where the fire was. Now I know where I am and I think we can get back to your Aunt Mary’s.”

“Oh, sure! Now we’re all right!” exclaimed Buddy as he looked down the street and also saw the place of the fire. In their wanderings the two boys had come back to it, and now it

almost seemed like home to them. They hurried along and reached the ruins just as a fireman in a white, rubber coat came out of the burned building and started to get in his small, red automobile which stood at the curb.

"That's the Chief!" explained Buddy to his chum. "He always stays around a fire after it's out to see if he can find what made it start."

"Golly! I'd like to be a fire chief!" exclaimed Tom so loudly that the Chief heard him and turned to smile at the little lads as he was about to get into his car. It was a jolly, bright, red one with a shiny brass bell in front.

"Oh, so you'd like to be a chief; would you, my lad?" asked the man in the white suit which was still wet from water that had been sprayed on the fire.

"Yes, sir," Tom answered.

"So would I," added Buddy.

"Do you live around here?" the Chief asked, for he liked boys and had three of his own.

"We live at my Aunt Mary's on Evergreen

street," Buddy explained. "That is we don't exactly *live* there, but we're *visiting* her. And we came out a while ago to look for a lost monkey and then we ran to this fire and then we got lost."

"Oh, you got lost!" chuckled the Chief. "Well, that's too bad. However it often happens to strangers in our city, grown folks as well as boys. But Evergreen street isn't far from here and, if you want me to, I'll let you off there."

"You will?" cried Tom, eagerly. "Oh, boy!"

"Do you mean take us in your red auto?" exclaimed Buddy, hardly able to believe such good luck.

"Why not?" chuckled the Chief. "I'm in no hurry now as I'm not going to a fire. I'm leaving. Evergreen street is on my way back to quarters and I can easily let you off there. What number is your Aunt Mary's house?"

"At 103," Buddy answered. "She's Mrs. Lawson."

"I know the house well," said the Chief.
"Hop in, boys, we'll soon be there."

Well, two more delighted and surprised boys than Buddy and his chum, you never saw nor heard of! They could hardly believe it really was happening as they took their places in the bright, red auto beside the Chief in his wet, white, rubber coat. There was a chauffeur, or driver, as he might be called but he had on a cloth suit like a regular fireman. The auto was a runabout but there was plenty of room on the seat for the boys, the Chief and the driver.

And when the auto started off, with a roar of the motor, and a clanging of the bell, you can just imagine how proud Buddy and Tom felt! To be riding with the fire Chief! It was almost as good as riding on the hook and ladder truck or on the engine! Only, of course, now that they weren't going to a fire there was no need of great haste. Still the red car went pretty fast, and all other autos got out of the way as the bell clanged.

So in this fashion Buddy and Tom rode up Evergreen street and, with a final clanging of the bell, the red auto stopped in front of Mrs. Lawson's house.

Aunt Mary came running out with a surprised look on her face.

"Why, my goodness!" she exclaimed. "There isn't any fire here! There must be some mistake! Thanks for coming, Chief, but I didn't send for you. My house isn't on fire!"

Oh, but she was surprised!

CHAPTER XII

IN THE ZOO

AUNT MARY, for a few moments, did not notice Buddy and Tom in the bright red auto of the Fire Chief. She was looking at the man in his dripping, white uniform, at the red car and at the crowd that had begun to gather in the street when the machine stopped in front of her home.

"It's all right, Mrs. Lawson," said the Chief with a smile. "I know there isn't any fire here. I just came to bring home your two lost boys."

"My lost boys!" exclaimed Aunt Mary, still more surprised.

"Well, they may not be exactly your boys," went on the Chief. "But one says you are his aunt and the other boy is his chum and——"

"Here we are, Aunt Mary!" interrupted Buddy, as he got out of the red car.

"We were lost but we aren't any more," added Tom, laughing.

"Why, Buddy—Tom!" exclaimed Aunt Mary. She was more surprised, now.

"Aren't these your lost boys?" asked the Chief, smiling and laughing, for he was a jolly man.

"Why, yes!" Mrs. Lawson answered, her eyes opening wider and wider in new astonishment. "That's my nephew Dick Martyne—we all call him Buddy—and that's his chum. But how—why—where——"

Aunt Mary didn't quite know what to say.

"They were at a fire," went on the Chief, "and, being strangers in Bloomberg, they got a little lost so I brought them home. It was on my way; no trouble at all."

"Oh, I'm sure it was very kind of you," said Aunt Mary. "I was just wondering where you boys were," she went on. "Your dog has been so lonesome, Buddy!"

“Oh, poor Brick!” exclaimed Buddy.
“Well, I’ll go to him now. But we didn’t dare take him to the fire with us.”

“We only take him when we look for lost monkeys,” said Tom with a laugh.

“What’s this about a lost monkey?” asked the Chief. “Was there one in the place that burned?”

“Oh, no,” Buddy explained as the crowd, which had begun to gather in front of Aunt Mary’s house, now melted away, seeing there was no fire or excitement. “This monkey belonged to Tony Salvatore and he slipped out of his cage last night and came in Aunt Mary’s house and then he went out in the yard and now we can’t find him. But if we do, we’re going to have five dollars reward.”

“I hope you get it,” said the Chief as he climbed in his red auto and drove away.
“Good-bye, boys, and good luck!”

“Good-bye! Thanks!” called Buddy and Tom.

Then the boys went in the house to tell Mrs. Lawson about their exciting adventures.

"Well, you have had quite a day of it," said Aunt Mary. "I suppose you will be so tired that you won't want to go with me tomorrow."

"Go where?" asked Buddy and Tom at the same time. They were eager to hear what was coming next.

"Well," said Aunt Mary, smiling, "I thought of taking you boys to the Zoo tomorrow to see the animals. But you have had so many adventures today, going to a fire, getting lost and all that, so I'm afraid you'll be too tired to go out tomorrow."

"Oh, no!" cried Buddy.

"We aren't tired; are we, Buddy?" asked Tom.

"Of course we aren't!" exclaimed the blue-eyed boy. "We'd love to go to the Zoo, Aunt Mary."

"I love animals," murmured Tom, "'specially dogs," and he leaned over to gently pull the ears of sleeping Brick.

"But, Aunt Mary," went on Buddy, "did you think we might find the hand organ man's monkey in the Zoo?"

"Oh, no, not at all," Mrs. Lawson replied. "I just thought you would like to see the animals we have here in the Bloomberg Zoo. Of course ours isn't a very large one, not like that in Central Park or in the Bronx Park in New York, which is a wonderful place. But still we have some nice birds and there are two big elephants in our Zoo."

"I like elephants," said Buddy.

"So do I!" added Tom.

"But if I were you boys," went on Aunt Mary, "I wouldn't bother any more about that monkey Tolla. He has probably run off a long way from here and you'll never find him, no matter how much you search. Of course I had no idea Tolla would be in the Zoo here when I spoke of taking you boys. I hope you won't be disappointed."

"Oh, no'm," murmured Buddy. "I was

just thinking somebody might have taken Tolla there if they found him in the street."

"Like the man took the plush monkey to the police station!" Buddy chuckled.

"What was that?" Aunt Mary. "More of your adventures?"

"Yes'm," said Tom with a laugh. Then, by turns, Buddy and his chum told about going to the police station before running to the fire.

"All right, then," Mrs. Lawson said after a while. "We'll get ready to go to the Zoo tomorrow."

"And maybe," said Buddy as he and Tom went to bed that night, "we can ride on the elephant."

"Do you think they'd be tame enough?" Tom wanted to know.

"Oh, sure," replied his chum.

So the boys went to sleep with pleasant dreams of all that had happened since they came to visit Aunt Mary and what might happen when they found the lost monkey.

Bright and early Buddy and his chum got

up next morning and, after breakfast, Aunt Mary had the auto brought around, with the chauffeur who drove her when she didn't want to drive herself.

"All ready, boys!" she called to Buddy and Tom.

"All ready!" they answered, eager to get started.

Brick was capering about in front of the house.

"Couldn't you take him?" asked Sallie the maid. "He does so hate to stay here when you're gone, Buddy."

"I wish we could take him," said Tom.

"So do I!" murmured Buddy. "But——"

"Oh, no, we couldn't think of it!" said Aunt Mary. "They don't allow dogs in the Zoo for fear of exciting the other animals. And Brick might get so excited that he would make a lot of trouble."

"Yes, I guess he'd better stay home," Buddy agreed. "But I'll take you with me tomorrow, old fellow," he said, patting his

dog's head. "Then we'll go hunting for that monkey again."

Brick wagged his tail and tried to make believe it was all right and that he was happy. But there was a sad and longing look in the dog's brown eyes as the auto took away his beloved master.

"Come on, Brick!" called Sallie to him as she turned back into the house. "I think I can find a bone for you." That made Brick feel better.

It did not take long for Buddy and Tom to reach the Zoo. They left the auto near the front entrance and started to walk about to see the animals. But, almost the first thing, Buddy suddenly caught Tom by the arm and, pointing to a man walking ahead of them, exclaimed:

"There's Tony Salvatore! Maybe he came here to look for his monkey!"

CHAPTER XIII

ON THE ELEPHANT

ALMOST as much excited by again seeing the Italian organ grinder, as they were at coming to the Zoo, Buddy and Tom, leaving Aunt Mary, though not meaning to be impolite, ran on ahead.

“Hey, Mr. Salvatore!” cried Tom.

“Did you find your monkey?” asked Buddy.

“Or did you come here to look for it?” went on Tom.

The Italian turned in surprise, but when he noticed the two boys he began to smile and nodded at them in a friendly way. Then, seeing Aunt Mary, he raised his cap politely.

“Excusa, please,” Tony murmured. “Maybe you coma to tella me you have find Tolla?” His eyes eagerly looked at Tom and Buddy.

"Oh, no, they haven't your monkey," said Mrs. Lawson. "Haven't you found it yet?"

"No, please," said Tony, as he again touched his cap to the lady in whose house he had last seen his pet. "Tolla no coma back."

"We've been looking for him," explained Buddy. "All over."

"And we almost thought we had him," said Tom.

"Only it was a plush monkey in a police station," added Buddy, and they told what had happened.

"Vera mooch gooda dat you look for da monk," murmured the organ grinder. "T'anka you! But I t'ink mebbby Tolla he not coma back to me some more. I have to getta me a new monk."

"Is that why you came here today?" asked Buddy, for he and Buddy knew there were several monkeys in the Zoo.

"We'll help you pick one out," added Tom, eagerly.

“But I guess they won’t give you a monkey for *nothing*,” went on Buddy. “You’d have to *buy* it.”

Tony Salvatore laughed, showing his white teeth. Then, in his queer kind of talk, he explained that he had not come to the Zoo to buy, or beg for a monkey to take the place of his lost Tolla. He loved animals, especially monkeys, and he often came to the Zoo to stand in front of their cage to watch their funny tricks and antics.

“Mebby so,” he said to Mrs. Lawson, “I see da Zoo monk do funny treek, I by-em-bye meka Tolla do it, too. But not now,” he added, sadly. “Tolla he no coma back ever. Too bad!”

“You wait!” exclaimed Buddy who, with Tom, felt sorry for the kind little Italian organ grinder. “We’re going to keep on searching for your monkey and maybe we’ll find him.”

“T’anka you, mooch!” murmured Tony, taking off his cap again to Mrs. Lawson.

"And if we find him," said Tom, "we'll bring Tolla to your house."

"Oh, that's so!" exclaimed Buddy. "We don't know where you live in case we ever do find your monkey, Tony."

"Yes, get his address," advised Aunt Mary. "Not that I think you boys will ever find the monkey, though," she said with a laugh.

The Italian told where he lived and Buddy made a note of the address on a piece of paper. Then Aunt Mary and the boys went down one path in the Zoo, leading to the bears' dens, while Tony walked off by himself toward the monkey cage.

Buddy and Tom, on this pleasant day filled with sunshine, were two of the happiest boys in the world. They were out of school, when usually, at this time of year, they would have been studying in class. But now, as the pipes were out of order, the school was closed and the summer vacation was longer than ever before. Buddy and Tom were happy on this account.

But they were especially happy, just now, because they were in the Zoo with Aunt Mary, where they expected to stay most of the day, and where they would also have lunch in the little restaurant on the hill not far from the bears' dens.

"Doesn't it smell good in here?" asked Tom as they passed the buffalo yard and saw those big-humped animals moving slowly about.

"It's the wild animal smell," explained Buddy. "It always smells good—like a circus."

"And it makes you hungry, too," added Tom.

"Oh, sure!"

Aunt Mary heard this last as the boys, leaving the buffalo enclosure, hurried on to see the bears. Then she said, with a smile:

"I hope you aren't hungry already."

"Oh, no'm," said Tom quickly, fearing Aunt Mary might think him impolite.

"We were just saying," Buddy explained,

“that the smell of wild animals, like a circus, always makes a boy hungry. But we can wait.”

“I’m glad of that,” Aunt Mary remarked. “For it isn’t very long since breakfast. We will have lunch at noon,” she added.

“That’ll be good!” murmured Tom.

“Fine!” said Buddy.

Though the buffaloes, or, rather, bisons, which is really their name, were quite wonderful to look at, they did not do very much of interest except to stand around, eat hay and switch the flies off with their tails. Buddy and Tom knew there would be much more fun at the bears’ dens. And there was. The bears were very lively and, little and big, they were running and tumbling about their different open-air cages, one or two even playing a game like tag, it seemed.

There was quite a crowd in front of the bears and many other boys, as did Buddy and Tom, laughed long and loud at the funny antics of the shaggy creatures.

In one den there was a sunken pool filled with water in which the bears could bathe, splash about and play. As the two boys with their aunt watched, they saw one little bear run up to a bigger one and playfully nip the larger animal on the leg. The big fellow squealed, and the little bear, running away, jumped in the pool of water, making quite a splash.

But he wasn't to get away as easily as that. For the big bear came after him as if to maul him. However the little bear did not jump out of the pool. He just stayed there in the water and when the big bear got near enough the small one began splashing him, scooping the water up with a paw and spraying it all over the large, shaggy chap as a boy might do to his chum.

"Oh, look out!" suddenly called Tom.
"He's splashing us!"

There were screams from the girls and laughter from Buddy and the other boys as the water, splattered by the little bear in the

pool, sprayed over the crowd outside the cage. But no one minded, though Aunt Mary got back a little out of the way as she had on a dress she did not want to get spotted.

Then the big bear jumped in the pool with the little one and soon they were both rolling about, mauling each other and having a friendly wrestling match there in the water. The children screamed with joy at this fun and Buddy and Tom would not have missed it for a great deal. They were glad Aunt Mary had brought them to the Zoo.

There was so much else to see that Buddy and Tom did not want to stay too long at the bears' dens so, after watching the big bear pull the little one out of the pool and chase him up on the rocks at the back of the cage, the two chums followed Aunt Mary around to the other animals.

After a while Aunt Mary, having led the boys about most of the Zoo, said she felt a bit tired and would sit down in a refreshment pavilion and have a cup of tea.

"You boys may have some ice cream soda if you think it will not spoil your appetites for lunch," she added.

"Oh, I guess we'll be hungry, even if we take the soda," said Buddy. "Eh, Tom?"

"Oh, sure! Ice cream won't spoil my appetite!"

So Aunt Mary ordered the treat. But the boys had finished it before she had taken all of her cup of tea, so she said they might roam about by themselves and come back to her later.

"Only don't get lost," she added.

"No'm, we won't!" promised Buddy.

They spent some time in the monkey house, watching the lively, long-tailed animals leap about and swing from trapeze bars. Half the time the monkeys seemed standing on their heads. And how they ate peanuts!

After that Buddy and Tom wandered about until they came to the place where the elephants were kept. There were two, large tame ones in the Bloomberg Zoo and as the

two chums drew near they saw men leading the big animals out of their enclosure toward a sort of raised stand near one of the paths.

"I wonder what they're going to do?" Tom asked.

"Maybe they're going to feed the elephants, or give 'em a bath," suggested Buddy.

"No, they're going to get 'em ready for rides," said a boy in the crowd.

"Get who ready for a ride?" asked Buddy.

"Anybody that wants to ride on the elephants, and that's got a quarter, can get on their backs," went on the boy. "I rode on 'em once, but I haven't got a quarter now."

"Do they really let you ride on those elephants?" cried Tom.

"Sure!" said the strange boy.

"Come on!" cried Buddy to his chum. "I got two quarters! You and I are going to have a ride on an elephant, Tom Gordon!"

"Hurray!" cried Tom.

"You sit in those things on the elephant's back," explained the other boy, pointing to

where the men leading the elephants had halted the big animals near the elevated steps. On each elephant's back was being placed something like a big, red box. "And you climb up those steps to the platform to get on, 'cause the elephant's so high," the strange boy said.

As Buddy and Tom watched, they saw some children ascend the steps of the platform, take their places in the box on the elephant's back and ride off.

"Come on!" cried Buddy again, all excited. "We got to have an elephant ride, Tom!"

Tom hurried after his chum.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FALLING AEROPLANE

THERE was quite a crowd of children, men and women about the elephant stand and steps when Buddy and Tom got there. Everyone seemed eager to push up front so it was some little time before the two boys, without being too rough, arrived at the bottom of the steps which led up to the platform from where one could reach the back of the big animal.

By that time several more children had gotten into the square box on top of the second elephant, and they were now being given a ride with a Zoo keeper walking on the ground and taking hold of the elephant's trunk.

"He's steerin' the nellyfunt; isn't he, Mother?" asked a little girl in the crowd and everybody laughed, including Tom and Buddy.

"Well, I guess we don't get any ride," said Tom in disappointed tones as he and Buddy stood on the elevated platform.

"Why not?" asked Buddy. "I've got two quarters, one for you and one for me to ride with."

"But there aren't any more elephants to ride," said Tom. "They're both gone. We're too late!"

"They'll be back," said another Zoo keeper who was up on the high platform. "Everybody who has the money will get a turn," he said in louder tones to the gathering crowd of children. "Do you boys want a ride?" he asked Tom and Buddy.

"Sure!" exclaimed Tom.

"Here's the money," Buddy offered.

"Well, hold it until the elephants come back," went on the man. "Bill takes one around and Tom the other. They make a circle of the gardens and come back here. It takes about five mintes."

"Do the elephants go over by the pavilion

where you get tea and ice cream soda?" asked Buddy with a queer look at his chum.

"Yes. But why do you ask? You can't get down off the elephants back when you're at the pavilion to get an ice cream soda," chuckled the man. "If you got off there you couldn't get back on. The elephant is too high up and there isn't any platform as there is here."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of getting off," said Buddy. "But if I did, couldn't the elephant kneel down, like I've seen 'em in pictures, and let me get up on his back when he was near the ground?"

"Oh, yes, that *could* be done," the Zoo keeper answered. "But some of the children in the box on his back might spill out, then."

"That's so," agreed Tom. "We better not do it."

"Oh, I wasn't going to ask him to do it!" exclaimed Buddy, quickly. "I was just wondering."

"I hope you weren't wondering if you could

give the elephant that you're going to ride on some tea or ice cream soda," continued the keeper. "We don't allow that," and he laughed at the boys.

"No, sir, I wasn't going to do that, either," spoke Buddy.

"What are you going to do?" asked Tom in a low voice.

Buddy turned to his chum but before he could answer a man in the crowd asked the keeper:

"What do you do with the money the children pay for rides on the elephants?"

"We buy peanuts and other treats for Zozo and Zuzu," the man replied. "Those are the elephants' names," he added. "You see this Zoo is partly run by the city and partly by a society. There isn't always money enough to buy more than the regular fodder of hay and grain for the elephants, and we like to give 'em peanuts once in a while. So we take what money comes in from these rides and buy extras for Zozo and Zuzu."

"That's a good idea," said the man.

"I wish I was a nellufunt!" said the little girl who had spoken of the man "steering" the big beast. "I like peanuts!"

There was more laughter from the crowd and Buddy said to Tom:

"Well, the elephant we'll ride on can have our fifty cents for peanuts. I hope he likes 'em."

"So do I," answered Tom. "But what were you thinking of, Buddy, when you asked the man if the elephant would go near the pavilion where we had ice cream soda?"

"I was thinking we could give Aunt Mary another surprise," Buddy chuckled. "You see Aunt Mary will be there drinking her tea when we ride past—anyhow I hope she will—and when she sees us up on the elephant's back she'll be surprised; won't she?"

"I guess she will," said Tom. "Oh, here they come back!" and he pointed to the two children-laden elephants returning.

Buddy and Tom paid their money and took

their places on cushioned seats in the red box on Zozo's back. The big, kind elephant stood patiently near the high platform, swinging his trunk to and fro, and reaching it out for occasional peanuts while about ten children found seats on his back. There was room for that many in the box.

"All ready, Bill!" called the man up on the platform to the man who was on the ground rubbing the elephant's trunk. "All aboard!"

Tom and Buddy felt a queer motion, as if part of the earth was moving off with them, the elephant shuffled away from the high platform and the two Mountchester boys and other children were started on their ride.

It was the first time either Tom or Buddy had ever been on the back of an elephant and it was quite strange. But they soon got used to it and enjoyed it. So did the other boys and girls.

The man led Zozo around the winding paths until they came within sight of the refresh-

ment pavilion, and there still, as the boys had hoped, sat Aunt Mary at her tea. Buddy and Tom waved their hands to her as Zozo shuffled slowly past and Buddy called:

“Aunt Mary! Aunt Mary! Look at us!”

Mrs. Lawson started up and looked around. At first she did not know where the voice was coming from. Buddy called again:

“Here we are, up on the elephant’s back! Look, Aunt Mary!”

Then Mrs. Lawson saw the big animal, and the happy, laughing children in the red box on his back, as she came out of the pavilion. She stood close as Zozo passed and looked up at Buddy and Tom.

“Oh, there you are!” she said, waving her hand at them.

And the funny part of it was that she didn’t seem a bit surprised! Nor did she call to the boys and tell them not to fall off. Buddy and Tom were quite disappointed. They felt sure they would surprise Aunt Mary as much as

they had when they came home in the Fire Chief's gay, red auto.

But Aunt Mary just waved her hands again to the boys and said:

"I'll wait here for you."

"Hu!" murmured Buddy as they went on.

"She didn't seem to care!"

"Not as much as I thought she would," spoke Tom. "I thought she'd say it was dangerous for us."

"So did I," agreed Buddy.

They were sorry when their elephant ride was over, but they knew many other joys awaited them in the Zoo, so they ran back to the pavilion and met Aunt Mary who came walking out.

"Well, boys, you got ahead of me," she said with a smile.

"What do you mean?" asked Buddy.

"Were you going to ride the elephant too, Aunt Mary?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" she replied. "But I was going to give you boys the money to do it."

That's one reason I brought you to the Zoo, to have an elephant ride. It's quite the thing for all visitors to Bloomberg."

"Well, we had the ride. And thanks for thinking about giving it to us," said Buddy. "I had some money of my own so I spent that for the ride Tom and I had. We thought you'd be awfully surprised."

"Well, I was, a little," confessed Aunt Mary. "But I wanted you to have that fun. And as I planned to pay for it, here are your two quarters back, Buddy." And she made him take them.

The boys and Mrs. Lawson went about the Zoo for some little time longer and then it was the hour for lunch. Whether it was the wild animal smell like a circus, or the elephant ride, neither Buddy nor Tom knew, but they had fine appetites and ate a great deal.

Then they went for a ride in a boat on a little lake and when it came time to go home there were two tired but very happy boys sit-

ting beside Aunt Mary in the automobile. It had been a day of great pleasure.

"But tomorrow," said Buddy to Tom as they played with Brick in the yard that evening, "tomorrow we got to work."

"What at?"

"Looking for that lost monkey and getting the five dollars reward," answered Buddy.

"Oh, sure!"

The sun was shining in the window of the boys' bedroom next morning when they awakened. And they both opened their eyes about the same time. They had been awakened suddenly and by a loud, roaring, throbbing noise over the house.

"What's that?" cried Tom, jumping out of bed.

"Sounds like an aeroplane," Buddy answered, also jumping out of bed. He ran to the window, looked and cried:

"Oh, Tom it is an aeroplane and it's falling down right in the lots back here! Come on, quick!"

CHAPTER XV

A WONDERFUL CHANCE

OUT of the room rushed Buddy and Tom. They did not even stop to dress. They did not even stop to put on slippers. In bare feet and wearing only pajamas they slid down the front stair bannister rail and nearly bumped into Sallie who was going to the door to take in the morning paper.

“My goodness!” cried the maid. “What’s the matter? Is the house on fire that you have to rush down this way?”

“It’s an aeroplane!” cried Buddy.

“Did it hit the house?” asked Sallie. “I heard the noise of it, but if it hit the roof I think I’d have heard the crash.”

“No, it didn’t hit our roof,” Tom answered, and Buddy said:

“It came down in the back lots. I guess it’s

smashed. It came down awful fast! We're going to see it!"

"My goodness! How terrible!" gasped Sallie as she opened the front door.

Suddenly Aunt Mary came out of her room in the hall above. She looked down and saw Buddy and Tom making a rush to get out of the door back of Sallie.

"What's the matter? Where are you boys going?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"Aeroplane crashed!" cried Buddy. "We're going out to see it!"

"Right in the back lots!" added Tom.

"Wait! Buddy—Tom!" cried Aunt Mary. "You surely aren't going out that way!" and she laughed.

For the first time Buddy and his chum realized how undressed they were—just in their pajamas as they had jumped out of bed. But even then Buddy didn't much mind, nor did Tom.

"Nobody will see us if we slip around

through the side alley and go over the back fence, Aunt Mary!" pleaded Buddy.

"No, you mustn't go out that way, even just to run through the alley," said Aunt Mary. "Come back and put on some clothes and shoes."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Buddy. "Maybe it'll be gone then and we can't see it."

"Nonsense!" said his aunt. "If an aeroplane crashed it can't go away again. But I don't believe it did crash. I heard it come down and it seemed to me to be making a forced landing. I hope the pilot is all right."

"Oh, so do I!" said Buddy, quickly.

"Yes," agreed Tom. "But if there was a smash we want to see it."

"You needn't dress all over," went on Aunt Mary. "Just put on some clothes and shoes and then you may go out. I can see a crowd gathering in the back lots, so something must have happened."

Eager as Buddy and Tom were to see what had happened they did as Mrs. Lawson told

them. They never got into their clothes so quickly before in all their lives.

Once more they slid down the banister railing and out to the back lots they rushed. There they saw a small aeroplane on the ground, with an early morning crowd around it. They also saw the pilot, a young man with a leather suit and helmet, and with big goggles pushed up over his cap, walking about.

“ ’Tisn’t a smash!” said Buddy.

“No,” agreed his chum. “And I guess that pilot’s glad of it. But when I saw it coming down from our bedroom window I thought sure it was going to bust.”

“So did I,” agreed Buddy.

“It’s a good thing there was this big field back of your aunt’s house for him to land on,” spoke Tom. “Else he might have smashed down on the roof like Sallie thought.”

“Yes,” said Buddy. “That’s a good landing field.”

Back of Aunt Mary’s house a number of old dwellings and factories had been torn down

some time ago to make room for new buildings, but, as yet, none had gone up. So the field was vacant and really did make a good place for a plane to land.

Pushing their way into the crowd of men, boys and girls, with a few women that had gathered about the plane, Buddy and Tom saw the pilot walking about, examining his engine as if to see what was wrong. Suddenly he pulled out a small piece of broken pipe and said:

“Here’s the trouble!”

“Broken oil pipe; isn’t it?” asked Buddy who, with Tom, was now well up in front. Buddy saw some drops of oil falling from the piece of pipe the aviator held in his hand.

“That’s it, Buddy!” the man said with a smile. “How’d you guess it?”

“Oh, I guessed,” the red-haired lad answered, smiling. “But how did you know my name?”

“Why, I don’t know your name. I never saw you before that I can remember.”

"You called me Buddy!"

"And that's his name—anyhow that's what we all call him," said Tom.

"Oh, yes. I did call you Buddy!" chuckled the aviator. "Well, I've got in the habit of calling everybody that since I was in the war. You looked as if your name ought to be Buddy so I called it."

"Well, I'm glad you did!" chuckled the blue-eyed boy. "But did you have an accident? We thought you crashed."

"Oh, no, it was just a forced landing, but I was glad to see this big field," answered the pilot. "My oil pipe broke up in the air and my engine began to heat so I came down. I wonder if I could find a telephone around here so I can report to headquarters that I'm down and ask them to send out somebody with a new piece of pipe."

"There's a telephone in my aunt's house!" said Buddy quickly. "You can use that."

"Thanks a lot, Buddy! Where does your aunt live?"

"Right back there," and he pointed to where he and Tom had just come from. "We jumped out of bed to see you," he added.

"I'll say you did!" chuckled the aviator as he looked at the scanty attire of the boys. But they were not the only ones who had not stopped to put on all their clothes in their haste to see the plane. "Well," the pilot went on, "lead me to that telephone, if you please."

"Are you a mail pilot?" asked Tom as he and Buddy, quite proud of the honor given them, walked with the aviator toward the back gate in Aunt Mary's fence.

"Yes," was the answer. "But I'm not carrying any mail now. This is a new plane I was trying out. I just flew from Curtisville and I'm going back there as soon as I get a new oil pipe."

"I'm going to be an aviator when I grow up," declared Buddy.

"So am I," echoed Tom.

"That's fine! I hope I meet you in the air," said the pilot with a smile as he fol-

lowed the boys up the yard and on into the house. The crowd started after them but stopped at the back fence.

"Will your plane be all right?" asked Buddy, anxiously, for the aviator seemed to have come away leaving it unguarded.

"Oh, yes," was the answer. "I spoke to some men back there and they'll see that the kids don't tear it apart until I get back."

Aunt Mary met the boys and their new friend in the hall. The story was quickly told and Mr. Post, which was the pilot's name, was soon telephoning about his trouble.

"That's fine," he said as he finished talking. And then to the boys and Aunt Mary he went on: "They're going to send out somebody from a garage here in town to fix my machine. Then I can go up again."

All of a sudden, Buddy had a bold idea. He saw a wonderful chance for some great sport and a big adventure.

"I wish you'd take us up with you," he said. "Please!"

“Do you mean give you and your chum a ride in my plane?” cried Mr. Post. “Why, of course I will, if your aunt will let you come. How about it, Mrs. Lawson?” he asked, looking at her. “May I take these boys up for a sky ride? I’ll be careful of them and bring them back safe. Just a little spin over the town,” he added.

“Oh, Aunt Mary—please!” cried Buddy.

“Please!” begged Tom.

What would Aunt Mary say?

It was such a wonderful chance for Buddy and Tom to have a thrilling adventure.

CHAPTER XVI

OVER THE JUNGLE

MRS. LAWSON smiled just a little, and by that smile Buddy and Tom felt quite sure that she was going to let them have an aeroplane ride. But Aunt Mary did not want to have the boys hurt so she asked Mr. Post.

“Do you think it will be safe?”

“Oh, very safe,” he answered. “I have been up in aeroplanes many times and I never yet had an accident. I always come down all right.”

“But suppose you got away up in the air and couldn’t get down?” asked Aunt Mary, still smiling. “I have asked Buddy and Tom here for a visit. I wouldn’t want them to be caught away up there in the sky so they couldn’t get back to earth to finish visiting me.”

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Post. "That would be funny! I'm sure, though, that nothing like that will happen."

"Of course it won't!" exclaimed Buddy. "If we go up we'll come down all right."

"What goes up must come down," spoke Tom, remembering the old saying.

"Oh, please may we go?" eagerly begged Buddy and in the end Aunt Mary said they might go for a little ride.

"Come on then," called Mr. Post. "That man from the garage ought to be out in the field now with a new piece of pipe and I can soon fix my motor. Then we'll take off."

"Golly, what fun!" cried Tom, skipping about the room.

"The best ever," agreed Buddy. "I wish," he went on, "that we could sail over Mountchester so the fellows there could see us."

"It would be great," agreed Tom. "But I guess Mountchester is too far away, and, anyhow, we'd be too high up for Harry, or Charlie or any of the boys to know us."

"I guess so," Buddy answered. After Mr. Post had again told Aunt Mary he would take good care of the boys, and bring them safely back to earth, Buddy asked:

"Do we have to wear any special clothes?"

"Oh, no," the aviator answered. "We aren't going very high or very far this time, and all you will want are goggles. I have some extra ones in the plane. Next time I may take you for quite a ride," he said with a laugh, "and then you'll need a leather flying suit."

"Oh, won't that be great!" exclaimed Buddy.

"Fine!" murmured Tom. "I'm going to write a letter home and ask my mother to buy me a leather suit."

"I wouldn't do that yet," said Aunt Mary with a smile. "It may be a long time before you have another aeroplane ride."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Post, "there is no telling when I may come this way again and be forced down."

"Oh, well, I'm going to be an aviator when

I grow up," said Buddy. "Then I'll have plenty of rides."

"So am I," chimed in his chum.

"Then that will be time enough to order your flying suits," went on Mrs. Lawson. "But I thought you boys were going to look for Tony's monkey and earn that five dollars reward. You can't very well search for Tolla and go aeroplaning."

"What monkey is that?" asked Mr. Post.

"It's one that got away from an Italian organ grinder," Buddy answered. "And we aren't going to stop looking for him either, Aunt Mary, just on account of this aeroplane. We'll look some more when we come down."

"Sure!" said Tom.

The boys would have gone on this early morning aeroplane ride without any breakfast. But Aunt Mary said that would never do. So she made Buddy and Tom sit down to the table, and Mr. Post had a cup of coffee and some rolls while Sallie served the two

lads with their orange juice, oatmeal, bacon and eggs.

“They need to have a good meal when they go aeroplaning; don’t they, Mr. Post?” asked Aunt Mary.

“Oh, yes indeed!” he answered. “I had my breakfast early, before I started out this morning, so I’m glad to get this extra cup of coffee. Thank you!”

Then the boys followed the aviator out to the big field where there was now a large crowd around the aeroplane. A mechanic from a garage in town had arrived in his auto with a new piece for the broken oil pipe. It did not take long to fix the engine so it would run again and then, while some policemen, who had come out to keep order, made the crowd get back out of the way, Mr. Post helped Buddy and Tom into his plane. It was a two-seater and Buddy and Tom, being small, easily fitted into the rear seat of the cockpit. Mr. Post sat in front to steer and manage the motor.

If Buddy and Tom had been pleased and a little proud at taking the aviator into Aunt Mary's house to use the telephone, they were ten times more so now, for they were really in the aeroplane and going to have a ride up near the clouds. Wasn't it wonderful?

"Look at the little boys in there!" said a girl in the crowd, as she pointed at Buddy and his chum. "How'd they get in?"

"I guess that aviator is their father," remarked a fat boy near her. "I wish my father was a mail pilot and then I could have rides."

"So do I!" murmured the girl.

"Keep back now! Keep back!" cried the police as Mr. Post, in the forward seat of the plane, motioned that he was going to start the motor which would turn the big propeller blades. Anybody near these blades would be badly hurt if they were hit. "Keep back! Get out of the way!" cried the officers.

"That's right! Clear the track!" said Buddy in a low voice to his chum as they sat

in the rear seat of the cockpit. Then Buddy looked at Tom and laughed.

“What’s the matter?” asked Tom.

“Oh, you look so funny in those goggles!”

“So do you!” and Tom also laughed.

With a throb and a roar, the motor began to turn the propellers slowly at first and then faster and faster until they looked like a blur of light. There was a self-starter on this new mail plane so no one had to stand on the ground in front and turn the blades as must be done with old airships.

The plane in which Buddy and Tom were seated began to quiver and shake. Then it slowly began to move across the field, faster and faster and faster until the wind whistled in the ears of the little lads though they pulled their caps far down on their heads and kept below the celluloid windshield as much as they could.

“Now we’re going up!” cried Buddy as he felt a queer, sudden lightness, as if the solid-earth had dropped away from beneath him.

“What’s that?” Tom shouted.

“I said we’re going up!” and Buddy yelled at the top of his voice for he realized that Tom could not hear. But even with his best shouting Buddy could not make Tom understand what he had said, and the only reason Buddy knew Tom had said “What’s that” was because he saw his chum’s lips moving. The engine was making so much noise they could not hear each other’s words.

Up and up, curving this way and that rode Buddy and Tom. Mr. Post guided the plane all around outside of Bloomberg and even flew over Aunt Mary’s house. Buddy and Tom wonderingly viewed it from the air and they even saw Mrs. Lawson and Sallie out in the yard looking up. Oh, it was quite thrilling and the two boys weren’t in the least afraid. At first their hearts had beat rather fast when they started up, but the aeroplane seemed so steady and safe that they soon got used to it.

Then, all of a sudden, Mr. Post guided the craft out toward the country around Bloom-

berg. The boys, looking down, saw that they were over quite a dense patch of woods. The aviator leaned back and, shutting down his motor for a moment to allow his words to be heard, called to Buddy and Tom:

“That’s what I call the jungle.”

“The jungle?” asked Buddy, somewhat surprised.

“Yes, there are a lot of animals in it,” went on Mr. Post. “I had to land near it once. It’s quite a thick piece of woods to be so close to a city. It ought to be a good place for adventures.”

“Animals in there?” remarked Buddy. “Real animals?”

“Sure! Quite a few,” said Mr. Post. Then he turned on his gas again, the motor throbbed loudly and Buddy and Tom saw that they were headed back for the landing field near Aunt Mary’s house.

But going over the “jungle” had given Buddy a new idea. He was going to tell his chum about it when they got back to earth.

CHAPTER XVII

THE JUNGLE ANIMALS

“**K**EEP back now! Keep back!”
“Get out of the way!”

“Danger! Danger! Keep back there!”

The police called loudly to warn the crowds scattered about the field back of Aunt Mary's house as the aeroplane, containing Buddy and Tom, started to come down. Men and women and boys and girls of the city, who had run out to the place on hearing about the plane landing, had waited around to see it come down again after taking up the two boys.

“Here he comes!”

“He's going to land!”

“Doesn't it come down easy!”

These were some of the remarks made by the people as Mr. Post guided the mail plane to earth. Buddy and Tom could easily hear

now, for the motor was shut off and made no noise.

In a few seconds more, after the police had cleared an open space along which the plane could run and taxi to a stop, the wheels and tail skid gently touched the ground. There were a few little bounces up and down and then the machine rolled over the grass and came to a stop close to where it had taken off.

“Well, boys, how did you like it?” asked Mr. Post as he pushed his goggles up on top of his leather cap and began helping Buddy and Tom out of their seat in the cockpit.

“Oh, it was great!” cried Buddy. “Wonderful!”

“The best ever!” exclaimed Tom. “I sure am going to be an aviator when I get big enough! Thanks a lot!”

“Thanks!” echoed Buddy.

Other boys gazed enviously at the two chums as they took off their goggles and handed them back to Mr. Post. Though Buddy and Tom did not know any of the lads, they talked

freely to them, telling how it felt to be up in the air.

"Well, I'll have to be getting along now," said Mr. Post to his two new friends as he got back in the cockpit. "I'm glad to have met you and please thank your Aunt Mary for letting me use her telephone."

"I'm glad we met you," said Buddy, "and I'll tell her, thank you."

"If you come along here again," suggested Tom with a smile, "stop down and give us another ride."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the aviator. "I hardly believe I'll be this way again. It's off my regular route and the only reason I came down was because of a broken pipe. Well, boys, I hope I see you again some day."

"Same to you!" called Buddy.

Once more the motor throbbed, the big propeller blades began to whirl and the police cried:

"Keep back!"

"Get out of the way!"

“Danger! Danger!”

The motor roared louder and louder. The plane began to move slowly across the field, through a lane made by crowds on each side of the take-off runway. Then, as Mr. Post opened the throttle wide, up the plane shot, above the heads of Buddy, Tom and the others, and the last the boys saw of their friend was his hand waving a farewell to them over the side.

“Well, he’s gone,” said Tom as he and Buddy walked back to Aunt Mary’s house.

“Yes,” agreed Buddy, looking up toward the sky where the plane was fast becoming only a small speck. “But I’m glad he took us for a ride. It was great!”

“Sure!” agreed Tom.

“And I’m glad we saw that place he called the jungle,” went on Buddy, “for we can go hunting there now.”

“Hunting!” exclaimed Tom in surprise.

“What for?”

“For that monkey,” Buddy went on. “I

think maybe Tony's monkey has gone to hide in that jungle. Of course," he went on, "it isn't like a regular South American jungle where monkeys come from. But Tolla must like it in the woods, where the vines are tangled for him to swing from by his tail, like we saw the monkeys in the Zoo swinging from their tails on trapeze bars. So we'll take Brick and go look for Tolla in the jungle woods that we saw from the aeroplane."

"Say, that's a good idea!" agreed Tom. "But maybe it's too far."

"No, I guess it isn't," Buddy said. "We could easily walk there. I guess Aunt Mary would let us go."

"And if it was very far," Tom said, "we could take some lunch along and stay all day."

"Oh, sure!" Buddy agreed. "It'll be great!"

When the boys told Aunt Mary about their wonderful ride, and how they had flown over the "jungle," she said it would be all right

for them to go there and look for Tolla some day if they wanted to.

"But I hardly believe you will find that monkey," she said. "I imagine some one by this time must have found him wandering about the streets and have taken him home for a pet. Tony should put a lost advertisement in the paper about his monkey."

"We'll tell him to do that if we don't find Tolla in the jungle," Buddy said. "But are there really any animals in those woods; Aunt Mary?"

"Oh, yes," she said with a laugh. "I think there are, very likely, some squirrels and chipmunks and maybe a few snakes and some owls and things like that. But I doubt if there are any monkeys."

"We don't want a lot of monkeys," Buddy said. "We just want to find that *one* of Tony's and get the five dollars reward."

"Well, you may try, but I fear you will have little luck," Aunt Mary said. "However, the 'jungle,' as you call it, is about three miles

from here. To walk there, search around and walk back will take you quite a while. You ought to spend a day there. I could take you out in the car, leave you there and call for you before night."

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Mary," Buddy said, "but we don't want to trouble you. Tom and I often take longer walks than three miles; don't we, Tom?"

"Sure! And we've been lost in the woods, too!"

"And we had a lot of adventures at Rainbow Lake," went on Buddy. "So we aren't afraid to go to this jungle. But I was thinking maybe we could take our lunch there with us and go right away."

"Yes, you could do that," agreed Aunt Mary. "Sallie will put you up a lunch. But why don't you wait until tomorrow? It's a bit late to start now, and I did plan to take you to the movies this afternoon."

"Oh, sure! That'll be fine! Thanks!" cried Buddy.

"And we can go to the jungle and hunt Tolla tomorrow," said Tom.

"And before we go to the movies this afternoon we can take Brick and look a little more around here for Tolla," suggested Buddy.

The boys enjoyed the movies with Aunt Mary and made great plans for going off on their expedition next day. But when they awakened in the morning it was raining and Mrs. Lawson would not listen to the boys' plea that they be allowed to go in the storm anyhow.

"You must wait until it clears," she said. "If that monkey is there he won't run away."

Buddy and Tom gave in, of course, and remained in the house reading and planning things to do when it stopped storming. And they looked anxiously in the paper that night to see what the "weather man" had to say about the next day.

"It says it's going to be clear!" cried Buddy in delight.

"Hope so. Then we can go," added Tom.

The next day the sun was shining and, after getting directions from Aunt Mary how to walk to the "jungle," and when Sallie had put the boys up some lunch, Buddy and his chum started off.

Aunt Mary wanted to drive them there in her car, but Buddy, thanking her, said it would be better for him and Tom to walk.

"We can look for the monkey on the way," he said.

The boys soon left the city streets behind them and got out into the open country. The houses gradually became fewer and fewer and at last they reached the patch of woods near a small stream. It was not a very wild patch of woods, but there were many trees and bushes in it. The tract had once been part of an old farm. The farmer had long since moved away, however, so the house, barn and other buildings were in ruins. The place was not often visited, even by picnic parties.

Buddy and Tom started into the woods, feeling quite at home, for they had been camping

and had known what it was to live in a forest for weeks at a time. Brick ran here and there, sniffing, snuffing and woofing and, now and then, barking in delight. Brick loved the woods as much as did the two boys.

"I hope we can find that monkey here," said Buddy as they walked along.

"So do I!" murmured Tom. "It's just the place for Tolla. Look at that wild grape vine." He pointed to a tangle and it would not have surprised the two lads if they had seen a monkey swinging by his tail. However, they didn't see this, though, a little later, Buddy suddenly caught his chum by the arm to stop him and whispered:

"I see some animals!"

"Where?" Tom asked.

"Over there!" Buddy pointed.

The leaves and bushes were moving. There was a glimpse of gray fur. Plainly enough some jungle animals were coming toward the boys.

"I wonder what they are?" whispered Buddy.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOOKS AND LINES

SCRATCHING and scrabbling in the dried leaves and bushes, on came the gray animals toward where Buddy and Tom stood beneath a tree. Brick also, had heard and seen them. The dog was now standing still, and as stiff as a statue, waiting for what was to happen. Brick growled low and deep, down in his throat but he did not bark.

Then, suddenly, Buddy began to laugh.

“What’s the matter?” whispered Tom.

“They’re only *squirrels!*” Buddy chuckled and, as he spoke, the gray animals dashed across an open space and the boys saw them plainly. That’s all they were—a lot of big, gray squirrels looking for some nuts to eat. Though, as yet, Buddy and his chum had not seen many nut trees in this “jungle.” But

perhaps the squirrels were better searchers than were the boys.

"Nothing to be afraid of!" chuckled Buddy.

"Just squirrels!"

"Oh, I wasn't afraid," spoke Tom. "I just wanted to see what they were."

"So did I," agreed his chum. "Mr. Post said there were squirrels here, and maybe some stray cats and dogs, and maybe even a fox."

"I'd like to find a fox," said Tom. "If we could catch one we might sell it for a lot of money. Then if we didn't get the reward for finding the monkey we'd have something, anyhow, for the fox."

"Yes," remarked Buddy, "but I guess a fox is hard to catch without a trap, and we haven't one here."

"If we had the one you used at Rainbow Lake it would be fine."

"Sure!" said Buddy. "But we haven't. So I guess we won't bother about a fox, even if we see one. We'll just keep after Tolla."

Tom thought this would be a good idea, so

the boys wandered about in the woods, or the "jungle" as they called it. Really it was rather a wild and tangled place to be so near a city. But Buddy and his chum thought it was all the better on that account.

"Because," Buddy explained as he walked along beside Tom and watched the scampering squirrels, "when we get tired of being in this jungle we can go back home to Aunt Mary's house and sleep. It isn't far. But if you're in a real jungle, far off, you've got a long way to go to home or anywhere. You have to sleep right in the jungle, with the lions and tigers and snakes all around you."

"Yes," admitted Tom. "I wouldn't mind so much about the lions and tigers, but I don't like snakes."

"I don't like 'em so much, either," admitted Buddy. "But I guess if there are any snakes around here they won't bite you."

"I hope they don't, anyhow," replied Tom.

So they wandered around, talking and en-

joying it very much in the jungle, but they saw no monkey.

They saw more squirrels, and once Buddy thought he had a glimpse of a fox off through the bushes. Brick saw and smelled the animal at the same time and made a run for it, barking loudly.

But as the other creature dashed away, Buddy and Tom saw it was only a stray dog, that barked back at Brick and then ran off through the trees and bushes. Buddy's dog would have followed, but the red-haired boy soon called his pet back.

Once there was a movement among the dried leaves on the ground and Tom, looking down quickly, exclaimed:

“Oh, Buddy! A snake!”

“Sure enough, it is!” cried Buddy. “Oh, a snake!”

But it was only a harmless, little “milk” snake as they are called, though these creatures don't milk cows, as many suppose. Away glided the small serpent, wiggling to and fro

until it was lost under another patch of leaves. Brick saw it and barked, but did not run after it.

"This sure is a regular jungle!" murmured Buddy. "It's got snakes and everything!"

"I wouldn't be afraid of snakes like that one," Tom said. "It's only the big ones that squeeze you that I wouldn't like."

"I wouldn't either," Buddy agreed.

For an hour or more the boys wandered about in the patch of woods, but saw no sign of the missing monkey. Then they both began to feel hungry and thought of the packages of lunch Sallie had put up for them.

"Let's eat!" Buddy suddenly suggested.

"Sure!" agreed Tom. "But I was thinking if we could find that little river Mr. Post said was in these woods it would be fun to sit there and eat our lunch."

"It would be nice. Let's see if we can find it. And maybe," went on Buddy, "we could catch some fish and cook them. I've got a line and some hooks."

“So have I,” said Tom. “And I’ve got matches to build a fire.”

“Golly! It would be great if we could fry some fish!” chuckled Buddy. “Let’s find that brook or whatever it is.”

The boys wandered on a little farther and soon heard the murmur of water. Then they came to a stream flowing through the woods and, sitting down beside it, they got hooks and lines from their pockets, cut poles from a nearby tree and, with some worms for bait dug out of a rotten log on the ground, they began to fish.

“If we don’t catch something pretty soon,” said Buddy after he had pulled his hook out of the water several times without having a bite, “why then we’ll eat.”

“And fish some more after,” agreed Buddy.

The boys were sitting quietly on the bank of the brook, hoping for a nibble, when they suddenly heard a crackling in the bushes back of them. Thinking it might be the monkey or

some large animal coming, they turned quickly just as a voice called:

“What are you boys doing there?”

CHAPTER XIX

THE OLD MAN

BUDDY and Tom turned and saw an old man watching them. He had come out of the woods to the bank of the brook where the boys were fishing. Brick awoke, stood up and growled.

“Quiet!” Buddy warned his dog and Brick began to wag his tail. He probably thought the old man was a friend who had come to see what luck Buddy and Tom were having.

“How are you, boys?” went on the old man and he smiled in a friendly way.

“Oh, we’re all right, thank you,” answered Buddy.

“We’re fishing,” explained Tom, pulling up his hook and line, as he thought he had a bite. But it was a false alarm.

“So I see,” remarked the old man. “I need

not have asked what you were doing if I had waited, and had walked closer," he went on, as he came to the edge of the brook. "But I saw you from a distance and I just happened to ask what you were doing here."

The boys looked at him more closely, forgetting their fishing. He had a kind face, and his hair, which was nearly white, was quite long. His clothes were neither very good nor very stylish, but they were clean and neat. At first Buddy and Tom had thought he might be a tramp, but, as Buddy said afterward:

"If he was a tramp he was a nice one, for he was clean and he didn't talk rough or anything like that."

"That's right," Tom agreed.

"So you came to fish; did you?" went on the old man. "Not many boys around here do that. You are the first I have seen in these woods for some time."

"Oh, no, sir," Buddy answered. "We didn't exactly come here to fish."

"But I thought you told me you were trying

to catch some fish for your lunch," went on the strange, old man, smiling at the boys.

"Oh, yes, we'd like to catch some fish," spoke Tom.

"But we've got our lunch with us," added Buddy. "Only we thought it would be nice if we had some extra fish to eat with the other stuff Sallie put up for us. Sallie is my Aunt Mary's cook," he explained.

"Well, I imagine she's a good cook, judging by the healthy look you boys have!" chuckled the old man. "But I doubt if you will get any fish in this brook. The largest are minnows and they aren't good to fry. But if you want to eat why not come to my shack?"

"To your shack?" asked Buddy in surprise. "Have you a log cabin here in the woods where you live?"

"I don't exactly live here," the old man told the boys who now began winding up their lines. For they had begun to agree with him that they would never catch any fish in the brook. "You see," went on the stranger, "I

am an author of books and stories and I stay part of my time in these quiet woods to think of things to write. I don't stay here in winter, only just in the summer time. It is a very quiet place and I like it.

"As I told you, I very seldom see anyone here, though the other day an aeroplane went roaring over my woods, as I call them, though I don't really own them."

"Oh, did you see that aeroplane?" asked Tom, eagerly.

"Surely," said the old man.

"We were in it!" exclaimed Buddy and the stranger was much surprised when the two boys told him how they had taken a sky ride.

"You are braver than I am," he said. "I wouldn't dare go up in an aeroplane."

"There's no danger when you ride with Mr. Post," said Buddy.

"Well, I think I'm too old to start doing that," chuckled the stranger who said his name was Mr. Layton. "But how about coming to my shack and sharing my lunch? I have

things to eat up there,” and he pointed to a little hill down which the boys had come to reach the brook.

“Oh, we have our own lunch,” said Buddy.
“Thank you.”

“And it’s a big lunch even without any fish,” went on Tom. “Sallie put up a lot.”

“Then come to my shack and we’ll eat together,” invited Mr. Layton. “I can give you some milk to drink, for it doesn’t look to me as if you had brought anything like that,” he added, seeing the packages of sandwiches and cake the boys had.

“No,” admitted Buddy, “Sallie wanted us to take a thermos bottle but it was too much to carry.”

“Because you see,” Tom explained, “we came here to hunt and if you have too much to cart around you can’t walk fast.”

“That’s so,” agreed the old man. “So you came here to hunt; did you? But where are your guns?”

“Oh, not that kind of hunting!” spoke Buddy with a laugh.

“We’re searching for a lost monkey,” explained Tom as he and his chum, with Brick, who was now quite friendly toward the stranger, walked beside the old man toward his shack.

“A lost monkey!” exclaimed Mr. Layton. He seemed as much surprised as Aunt Mary had been when the Fire Chief’s auto stopped at her house.

“Yes,” said Buddy. “It belongs to an Italian organ grinder and it got away and we thought maybe it was in these woods. So we came here with my dog to hunt for him—hunt for Tolla the monkey, I mean. We saw this jungle when we rode over it in the aeroplane.”

Mr. Layton looked at the two boys, then at Brick and murmured:

“A monkey! A lost monkey!” Then he suddenly exclaimed:

“Boys, come with me! I think I know where that monkey can be found!”

CHAPTER XX

THE CAPTURE OF TOLLA

BUDDY and his chum did not at first know what Mr. Layton meant. He might be joking, for he looked just like the kind of a jolly, old man who would do that. But now he seemed very serious.

“Come along, boys,” he called again as he started off through the woods. He went a little way and then turned back, waiting for Buddy and Tom. Brick remained beside his red-haired master, wondering what it was all about. “Come along,” invited the kind, old man.

“Where?” asked Buddy.

“To my shack up on the hill,” went on Mr. Layton. “You may eat your lunch there, and I’ll eat mine, and I’ll give you some milk I have and we’ll catch that monkey.”

"Is Tolla really in your shack?" Tom wanted to know.

"Who is Tolla?" inquired Mr. Layton.

"He's the lost monkey that belongs to Tony Salvatore," explained Buddy. "Tolla is the monkey's name."

"Oh," said Mr. Layton with a laugh. "I understand, now."

"Is he in your shack?" Tom went on.

"Well, he has been there," answered the old man. "And we may find him there when we arrive."

"Then let's hurry!" exclaimed Buddy. "But why didn't you catch Tolla yourself and get the reward when you saw the monkey in your shack?" asked the red-haired boy.

"Because," Mr. Layton replied, smiling, "in the first place I have never seen this Tolla, so I couldn't catch him. And I didn't know there was any reward offered for his capture. And in the second place, I didn't know, until just now, that it was a monkey."

"But I thought you said you had a monkey in your shack," spoke Buddy.

"I didn't mean that, exactly," said the old man. "This is what has been happening. For the last few days and nights things have been disappearing from my shack—mostly things to eat, though one article was a little looking glass. I thought maybe it was squirrels or rats that had been taking my food, but, after what you told me, I'm sure it must be this monkey. So I thought if we hurried to my cabin we might catch him."

"And get the reward!" eagerly exclaimed Tom.

"Oh, yes, of course, the reward," agreed Mr. Layton. "Well, come along, boys, and we'll see what we can do."

You may be sure Buddy, Tom and Brick lost no time then. On they hurried through the woods and to the top of the hill where Mr. Layton had a little hut, made of boards, which he called his "cabin-shack." He led the boys

and dog inside and they found it almost like a camp.

“I’d like to live here!” said Buddy, looking around admiringly.

“So would I,” echoed Tom.

“Well, come out and see me as often as you like,” invited Mr. Layton. “I’ll be here until cold weather. But now let me show you how the monkey, or some animal, gets in and takes my food.”

He led them to a small, back room where he kept some of his things. There were shelves of canned goods and other food. At the back of the room was a small window, high up in the wall.

“And there’s a tree just outside that window,” explained the old man who lived in the woods to write stories. “I think that monkey must have climbed up the tree, got in this window when it was open and helped himself to my things. Not that I minded much,” he said, “for he took very little. But when you told

me about Tolla I happened to remember what had happened here."

"Tolla isn't here now," said Buddy, looking about. "Is he?"

"No," said Mr. Layton. "But he may come back at any time. Sometimes he takes food by day and sometimes by night. Perhaps if we start to eat our lunch, and leave the window open, closing the door so the monkey can't see us, he may come in now."

Then Buddy thought of a good plan.

"If we had something a monkey liked very much to eat," said the red-haired boy, "he might smell it and come in the window now to get it, and then, if we all of a sudden could shut the window, we'd catch him!"

"Say, that's a fine idea!" cried Mr. Layton. "I know just what to do. Monkeys are very fond of bananas. I'll leave some bananas in this storeroom, prop up the window with a stick, tie a string to the stick and run the string out through the keyhole. Then we can

be on the watch and if Tolla comes in we'll capture him."

"Just like in my trap!" exclaimed Buddy.

"That will be great!" exclaimed Tom.

"And we'll get the reward," he added.

It did not take long to put some peeled bananas on a box just beneath the open window, inside the storeroom. Then the stick and string were fastened in place and the cord run out through the keyhole.

"Now we'll eat our lunch," suggested the old man to the boys. "And when we hear a noise in the room I'll look through a peep-hole in the door, and if Tolla is there we'll capture him. How's that?"

Buddy and Tom thought this was a fine plan. So all three sat down to eat. No, there were four, for I am forgetting Brick. There was enough lunch for the dog, too. Mr. Layton set out some of his food on the table, with some glasses of milk, and Buddy and Tom opened the packages Sallie had done up for them.

They were eating away when, suddenly,

there sounded a little noise in the storeroom. Brick started to growl but Buddy made him keep quiet. Then Mr. Layton went on tiptoe to the peep-hole and looked in.

"He's here—that monkey—eating the bananas!" the old man whispered to the boys. "I think we've got him!"

He quickly pulled the string. Down came the window with a bang and a moment later there was a great chattering and squealing in the storeroom.

"I'm afraid he is angry and frightened," said Mr. Layton.

"Oh, Tolla is a tame monkey and he does tricks," Buddy said. "He won't bite and he is friends with Tom and Brick and me. I can pick him up in my arms."

"Better be a bit careful at first," Mr. Layton warned. "Monkeys can bite hard, especially when angry or frightened."

But when the door was opened Tolla—for there he was—had gotten over his fright at being caught, and was calmly sitting on a box

eating the last of the bananas. He looked at Buddy and Tom with his funny little face and blinked his bright eyes.

“Hello, Tolla!” called Buddy. “We’ve caught you!”

“And we’re going to take you to Tony and get the reward,” added Tom. “Will you come with us, Mr. Layton?” he asked as Buddy picked Tolla up in his arms and cuddled the lost monkey who seemed very glad to be among friends once more. Tolla chattered in a jolly way. Perhaps he was talking monkey language.

“I’ll tell you what you had better do, boys,” said the old story-man after Tolla and Brick had shaken paws, in memory of the time when they had met in the baggage car. “You two may take all the credit of having caught the monkey, and you may have the reward. I don’t want any of it. And if you think you can manage him, you had better take Tolla to the Italian organ grinder. Do you want to do that?”

“Yes, thank you,” agreed Buddy, “Tony will be glad to get Tolla back. And we can easily carry the monkey with us.”

“Oh, I’m afraid you could hardly walk back to Bloomberg carrying a monkey in your arms,” said Mr. Layton with a laugh. “I have a flivver back of my shack. I’ll run you to town in that—you and the monkey.”

“That will be fine,” said Buddy. So a little later, after having finished their lunch, he and Tom got in the flivver with Brick and the monkey and had a fine ride back to Aunt Mary’s house. Buddy said they had better stop there first to tell Mrs. Lawson how lucky they had been in the jungle before going on to Tony’s home.

“Well, you boys certainly have done a great piece of work—finding the lost monkey!” exclaimed Aunt Mary when she saw Tolla and heard the story. “I hardly thought you could do it.”

“Oh, Mr. Layton really caught him for us,” said Buddy.

"But he doesn't want any of the reward," added Tom, with a sigh of relief.

"No, indeed!" laughed the old man. "Let the boys have it."

Brick was left at home with Aunt Mary and Sallie and, still riding in the flivver of the old story-man, Buddy and Tom took the monkey back to the Italian.

"What! You have my Tolla!" cried Tony almost dancing with delight as he came running out of his house. "Oh, dat's gooda da luck! Ah, my Tolla he ees coma back! So! I loaf heem!" He clasped his monkey in his arms and Tolla put his hairy paws around Tony's neck.

Then the Italian ran in, got his hand organ and played a lively tune while Tolla sat up on top of the music box making funny faces and eating another banana that Buddy had bought as they passed along the street.

"That's a fine little monkey," said Mr. Layton.

“And you ought to see him do tricks!” cried Buddy.

“Sure! I showa you!” exclaimed Tony, and he made Tolla stand on his head, turn somersaults and try to catch the other monkey behind the looking glass.

“And now—here!” cried the Italian as he handed Buddy a five dollar bill. “De reward what I promise! So! There he is!”

“Thanks!” murmured the red-haired boy.

“Thanks!” said Tom. “This is great!”

And so the queer search ended.

Mr. Layton rode back to his shack in the woods and Buddy and Tom, after watching Tolla for a while, went to Aunt Mary’s house. Later Tony began to get his organ ready to go out in the streets playing with his monkey, to gather more pennies.

“I’m glad Mr. Layton didn’t want any of that reward,” said Tom to Buddy next day when each of them had two dollars and a half put away.

“Why?” asked Buddy.

“Well,” his chum answered, “it’s so hard to divide three into five. It won’t come out even. But two into five dollars comes out all right. Two dollars and a half for you and the same for me.”

“Yes,” agreed Buddy, “that’s right! Well, we had a lot of fun out of it; didn’t we?”

“I’ll say we did!” laughed Tom.

But their good times were not over, for they still had more than a week to remain at Aunt Mary’s. And she took them to many places of amusement. But best of all Buddy and his chum liked the Zoo, and the little patch of woods where the kind old man lived.

The boys went there once or twice to see him and watched him feed the squirrels, rabbits and birds. They had a happy, jolly time. Often they saw Tony and his monkey, with the organ, on the streets of Bloomberg. The Italian always smiled at Buddy and Tom, waved his hand and made Tolla take off his little green cap for a bow.

“My monk—he lika you!” said Tony. “I lika you—everybody happy! Ha! Ha!”

Buddy and Tom laughed. They did not know the many adventures the monkey had after getting out of the cage and into Aunt Mary’s house, from where he must have traveled to the jungle woods where he hid. And there he visited the old man in his cabin.

Buddy and his chum liked it so much at Aunt Mary’s that they would have been glad to stay there until winter came. But in about three weeks word came from the boys’ parents that the broken pipes were fixed and that school would start soon. So they said good-bye to Mrs. Lawson, to the old man of the woods, to Tony and his monkey and back they traveled to Mountchester.

“I wonder if we’ll ever have as much fun and adventures again?” asked Tom as he and the red-haired boy reached their home town.

“I hope so,” said Buddy. “We had a great time; didn’t we?”

“Sure!” murmured Buddy’s chum.

The boys had many more adventures which I shall tell you about in the next book. It will be called "Buddy at Pine Beach, or a Boy on the Ocean." Some very queer things happened.

On the first day when school opened Buddy met Charlie Taylor.

"Where did you spend the extra vacation, Buddy?" asked Charlie.

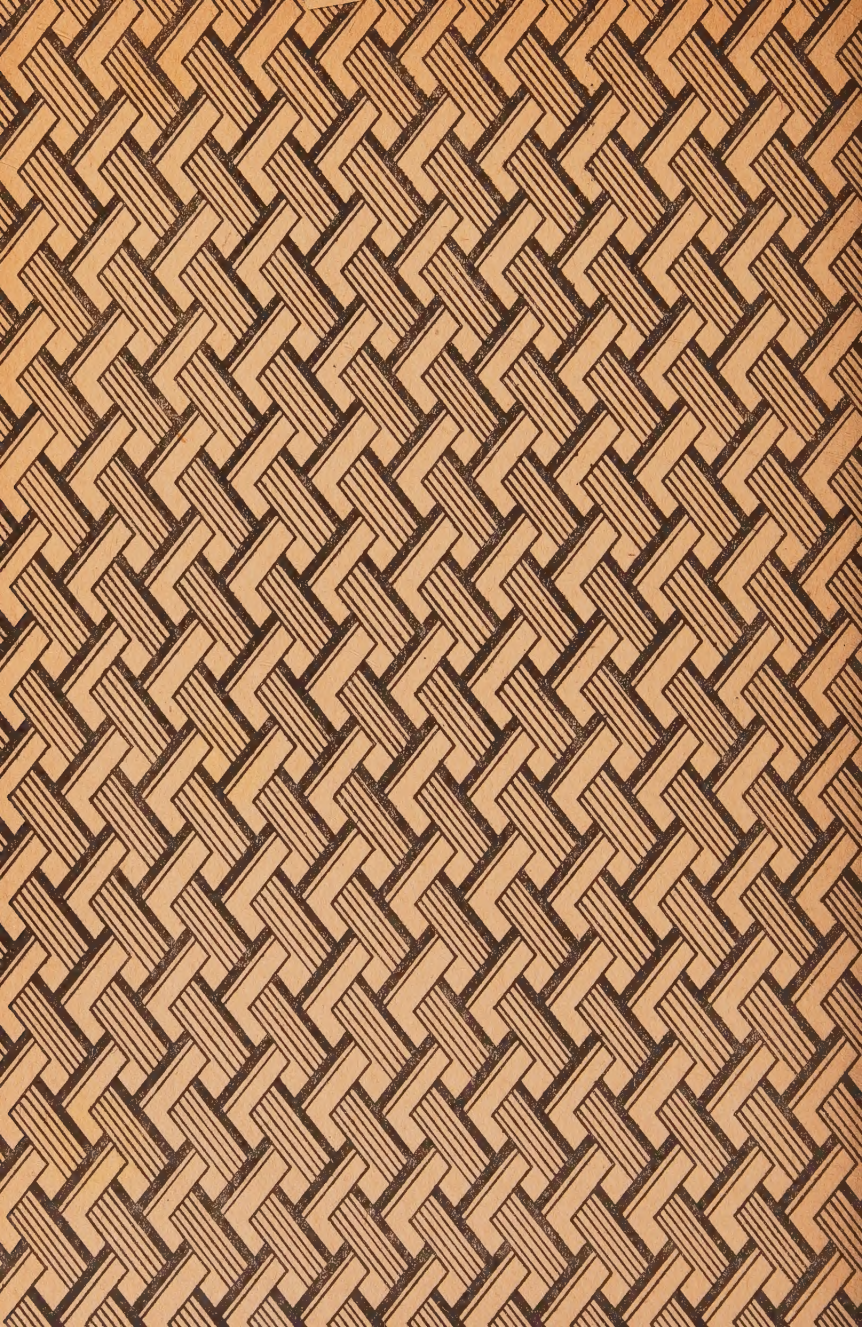
"My chum and I went up in an aeroplane and found a lost monkey," Buddy answered.

"Oh, you didn't, really; did you?" cried Charlie in surprise.

"Sure we did!" said Buddy with a smile.
"Didn't we, Tom?"

"Why, certainly," chuckled Tom.

Then they told Charlie all about it, just as you have read it in this book. But as there isn't any more now, we shall have to wait and see what happens next.



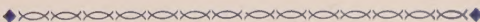


To Parents

OUR NAME IS
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